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london life

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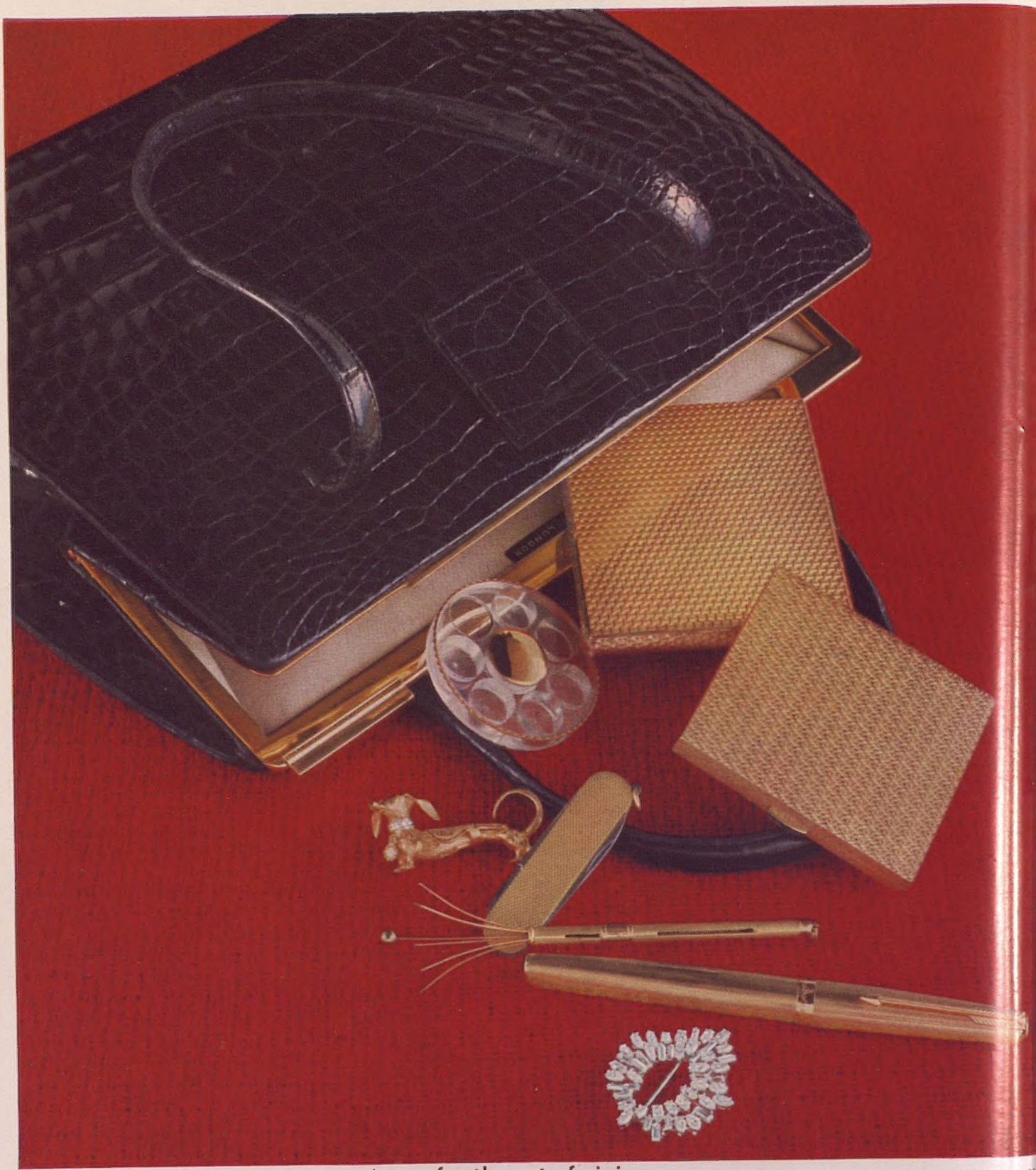

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INSIDE

Udo Jurgens won last week's Eurovision song contest for Austria—his first victory in this particular competition. But not, however, Mr Jurgens' first triumph in any international song tournament. Five years ago he won Europe's other big contest —the Coupe d'Europe, due to be held this year at Knokke, Belgium, in July. Britain is the only country in the Eurovision network that does not take this programme—so Mr Jurgens' win last week has not surprised us as much as the rest of Europe. For Austria had no cause to celebrate Jurgens' first international triumph. That time he sang for Germany. Perhaps he could sign for Britain in time for next year?

LONDON LIFE

So this is what people are wearing underneath – a Viva Maria bra by Rosy of Paris, on sale soon at Harrods, price £2 9s 11d. More on page 33

This is Roscoe Holcomb from Daisy, Kentucky. He plays it high wide and handsome, like other country-style musicians arriving this week. Page 20

Virginia McKenna faced a unique challenge in making the film Born Free, *to be premiered at a Royal Film performance on 14 March. Read about it on page 12*

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Plus, of course, London Life's comprehensive guide to what's going on in the world of entertainment – see page 43

Freudian Reflex department: Associated Rediffusion, on being asked for a picture of Benny Green, automatically sent one of Bernard Levin. Mr Levin is to try a Late Night show next month for A–R, after the untimely demise of Mr Green's *Late Show London.*

The Times Bookshop is planning to betray its suppliers' most intimate secrets this autumn. They are hoping to stage a special exhibition of books written under *noms-de-plume* – and to marshal the exhibits under the authors' real names. For notorious pseudonymists like John Creasey, whose later egos run into two figures, and Earle Stanley Gardner, if that is his real name, this will not cause any great distress. But for the Civil Service's part-time authors (a class which has produced John Le Carré, William Haggard and William Cowper) and for Oxbridge's pot-boiling dons, the revelations may not be so welcome. For every Junius, sure of anonymous immortality, there is a C. Day Lewis, who has augmented his income under an alias.

Barry Hollingworth, founder of Top Table Ltd, the business equipment rental firm, is looking for a house in Maidenhead. His company has just celebrated its first birthday by moving from Manchester to London, and Mr Hollingworth has to move back (he started out in London) with it. The company's first year's turnover was £250,000, and started in Manchester because a market research report concluded that that was where the business was. In fact, 85 per cent. of the first year's trade was with London firms, and a similar proportion of the coming year's expected

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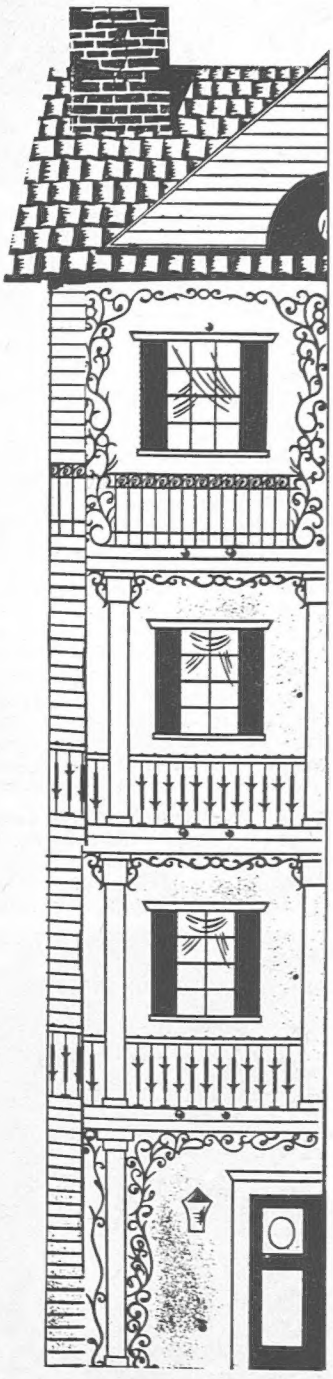

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

£750,000 will be down south as well. What market research thinks today costs money tomorrow.

Michael Tyzack's new exhibition at the Axiom Gallery, Duke Street (**London Life,** 15 January) will be devoted to his work of the past seven months. Ahead of the opening, on 16 March, many have been sold – including one to the Tate.

Figures can't lie: Londoners seem to be sexier than Parisians if one believes the HMSO Census Report on London – *which reveals that there are only 2,247 French men here, but 5,170 French women.*

Sa Altesse Sirenier is the code name of France's Bond-figure, a CIA agent of Austrian extraction called Prince Malko Linge. The creation of French journalist

Gerard de Villiers, SAS has shot and schemed his way through five novels in the last 18 months, with a sixth on the way. The first, *SAS in Istanbul*, is to be filmed next year. Like his various British and American rivals, de Villiers lives the real-life version of his hero's fantasy world: a silver E-type, luxury apartment on the Avenue Foch (in London last week, a suite at the Hilton), beautiful young wife and rigorous insistence on Russian vodka – it must be Russian. SAS's own ambitions are described as "to earn enough money to retire early and marry a beautiful wife." 36-year-old de Villiers has made it before his hero.

King's College Hospital, one of London's leading hospitals, is to embrace three of its neighbours on 1 April. Owing to its high reputation, King's tends only to have very special cases in its wards. So that student doctors can see something of the general run of medical life, they will in future be able to go to St Francis' geriatric wards, St Giles' general wards and the Maudsley's psychiatric wards. St Francis, St Giles and King's will share a common management committee, although the Maudsley will continue to be self-administering.

The Savoy Theatre's exhibition of the paintings of Amanda Grinling and Jonathan Adams – both in their production of *Alibi For A Judge* – is to continue indefinitely. Far from being a peripheral attraction, the theatre now has flocks of daytime visitors specifically interested in the pictures.

Donald Albery has signed up Australian singing-actor Keith Michell to play Henry VIII in the comedy *The King's Mare* which he is presenting in the spring. Co-starring is Dora Bryan, who plays Anne of Cleves. At the moment hottest tip for the theatre into which it will go is the Piccadilly, where the American import *Barefoot in the Park* is said not to be doing well.

Coming soon! Order now! The Orgy, *by Muriel Rukeyser. One slight disappointment for voyeurs might be that it is, in fact, a serious study of Puck Fair, a médieval survival in Killorglin, County Kerry. The hero is a goat—literally, for once.*

Has anyone a wooden pole 18 feet long, five inches in diameter at the blunt end, three inches at the sharp end? The organisers of May's Festival of Scotland Highland Gathering at Richmond are short of a caber – someone broke theirs last year. The London Scots' gathering is the largest in Britain (over 20,000 visitors, 1,000 participants). This year they will feature a Welsh Pipe Band made up of Irishmen from Cardiff.

Towards blunter speech: publishers Dennis Dobson have changed the title of Marie Seton's forthcoming biography of Nehru from The Great Umbrella *to* Panditji—A Portrait of Jawaharlal Nehru.

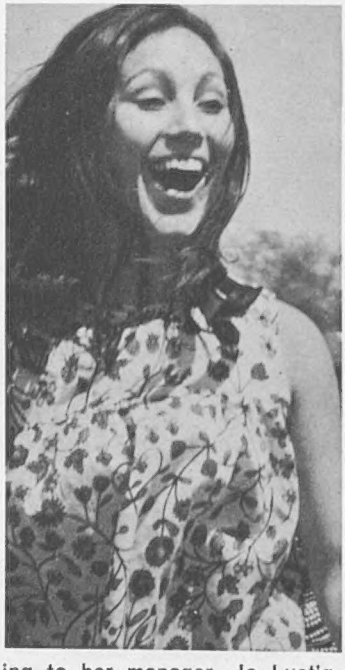
Annie Ross will make no comment on rumours that she has finally severed all connection with *Annie's Room,* the London jazz club named after her. But she certainly won't be at the club for the next two or three months—she is going to Glasgow this weekend to appear in a new revue with her brother, Jimmy Logan, at the Metropole Theatre, which Jimmy owns. On the way, she is stopping off to play a one-night stand at the Bradford College of Technology.

A restaurant in Kensington offers sullen businessmen two menus – the normal one for good days, and "The Callaghan Menu" when no foreign buyer is in evidence. The second is substantially less opulent than the first.

Who's Who, 1966, appears this week – at £7 10s, three shillings more than last year. Some old favourites have gone, some new names added – all in great secrecy. One survivor, however, whose departure came too late for the proof-readers, is Dr Kwame Nkrumah. The 1966 edition tells us that his recreations are "Tennis, swimming, collection of animals." It's good to have a hobby when there's time to kill.

Get away from it all – the Inner London Education Authority are seeking a Collector of Botanical Specimens to supply schools with fungi, oak galls, mandrake roots, fossils and rare plants. Strictly for dedicated botanists – pay is £9 12s a week, but no bonuses for finding eidelweiss on Ealing Common.

Julie Felix has been announced by the British Peace Committee for their folk-song concert at the Festival Hall on 12 March. Accord-



ing to her manager, Jo Lustig, "she is definitely not appearing." The BPC, however, insist that she *is* appearing—"if necessary we will go to our solicitors." Lustig is unshakeable: "After all, she would not even be paid for appearing. I will have people outside on the night distributing explanatory leaflets." Instead, Miss Felix's first concert of her coming tour will be for Christian Aid, at the Albert Hall on 1 April. She has just returned from visiting Christian Aid stations in Africa.

Auberon Waugh, novelist son of novelist Evelyn, expects to be looking for a fulltime job in the autumn—"something very differ-

ent from novels," he says. By then he hopes to have finished *The Lilies of the Field,* his fourth book about the life, leisure and morals of a small village. Asked what talents he has apart from literary ones, Mr Waugh says "None that I can think of."

A certain prominent Fleet Street columnist is working his way steadily through the 4,000 pages of *Who's Who* seeking a Lady Penelope—so he can work off his joke about Thunderbirds.

The Drinking Fountain Association has just received a request for one of their five-ton granite horse-troughs from an old lady who had noticed they were gradually removing them from a horseless London. She wanted it as a window box.

The Rev Hubert Little, Secretary of the National Society of Non-Smokers, looks forward with gloom to their annual conference at the Memorial Hall, Ludgate Circus, on 23 March. Under pressure from his Society, a firm of insurance brokers offered 5 per cent. off car insurance and 10 per cent. off life insurance to members. But the scheme is a flop. A spokesman for the firm says: "Of the few who applied the majority are either too old or hopeless risks—we had an 80-year-old wanting car insurance. Another firm offers insurance against lung cancer—30s a year for £500 if the insured gets the disease. They say: "We spent a lot of money on advertising, but got less business than expected. We expected thousands, and got hundreds."

The only chimney in the smokeless zone of Westminster which ever pollutes the atmosphere of Belgrave Square and Buckingham Palace is in Grosvenor Place: it belongs to the Hobart House HQ of the National Coal Board. Westminster City Council have granted an exemption from the rules to the NCB in respect of just one fireplace—so that new types of smokeless fuels can be tested in it. Some of them fail the test.

Large mirror-glass sign in The Essex Head, Strand: "Flower's Pale and Strong Ale. As supplied to HRH the Prince of Wales." Not cherry brandy?

Miss Pamela Dearman's pet store in Regent's Park has added a new line to its catalogue of donkeys, toucans, eagles, snakes and hedgehogs: a box of genuine stinging scorpions, half a guinea.

Lord Parmoor has been inundated with phone-calls from booksellers since publishers, The Bodley Head, moved to West Drayton. Their new number is WE3 4551, his lordship's WES 4551. Last week's *Bookseller* carried a note beseeching retailers to take care dialling, because the situation "is causing considerable inconvenience to Lord Parmoor, and to booksellers themselves." Of course, Lord Parmoor could always lay in a stock of books.

Shirley Ann Field's antique stall in the Portobello Road has proved to be such a success during the past month that she is to open another in Camden Passage – London's other Mecca

for parsimonious connoisseurs. Although the business is still only a hobby, Miss Field buys all her stock herself – "I won't buy anything just because it's old," she says. "I buy things I would like in my own home." For the wider public, Miss Field will shortly be on view in three films – *Alfie*, *Doctor in Clover* and an Italian production, *The Affair Family*, as well as a play on BBC-TV.

A luxurious new 250-seat cinema will open in Lambeth this October: it forms part of the £250,000 extension to the Imperial War Museum. Open to the public three or four afternoons a week, it will only show genuine war films. The rest of the extension provides room for 90,000 books, three million photographs, thousands of miles of film, and a Fairey Swordfish, a Bristol Fighter, a Mosquito, and a Mark V tank from the 1914-18 war.

Lena Horne's autobiography, *Lena*, appears at the end of this month. It isn't, say publishers Andre Deutsch, at all the usual kind of showbiz "ghosted" gossip – but deals seriously with the colour problem from personal insight. Miss Horne is married to a White, and has played a prominent part in the Civil Rights movement.

Notice on dressing-room door at the London Palladium: "London Palladium Snack Bar. In an endeavour to keep an interest in our menus we are on Tuesday next making a special offer of sausages, mashed potatoes and baked beans – 5s. Will you please give your order to Lily on Monday evening. This will obviate delay in service." Under this notice there is the standard menu, on which is listed "Baked beans and sausages – 2s 6d." The Palladium's spuds must really be something special.

A jeweller's next to St Paul's offers a novel paperweight: encased in a plastic dome, an opened oyster together with pearl. A real oyster – so there's preserving fluid in the dome as well. Price: £4 10s.

Dr P B Walker, of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, has just raised a £500 blush at the Science Museum, Kensington. He pointed out that their model of the first aircraft ever to fly in Britain, Samuel Cody's, which flew at Farnborough itself on 16 October 1908, is entirely inaccurate. If their model were built full-size, it wouldn't get off the ground. Plans now exist to replace the misleading model – for £500.

1947 was the last year the LCC licensed any hansom cab to ply for hire in London. But you can still hire one from a garage in the Mile End Road – £12 a day, including horse and driver specially imported from the country.

The first of a three-volume survey of London and Londoners prepared by the London School of Economics, has just gone to the printers. Called *Thirty Years of Change*, it covers 1900-30, and includes figures processed by the Atlas Computer at London University. Cost of the survey was estimated five years ago at £40,000, of which the old LCC guaranteed £10,000.

WINNERS WITH WORDS

London Life reveals the most controversial and long-awaited award list of the year – those given by the Writers' Guild of Great Britain. The names are normally a closely guarded secret until announced at the annual dinner, to be given this year at the Dorchester on 10 March. The awards are awarded by members to members: the choice is made without reference to popularity or commercial success; they are purely gestures of respect for outstanding craftsmanship . . . a personal touch.

ZITA AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICES TO WRITERS
Ted Willis (above). Born in 1918, son of a London bus driver, probably the most successful scriptwriter in the country. Created Life Peer as Lord Willis in 1963, and plays an active part in the work of the Upper House. Has consistently refused this award over the last few years, but cannot avoid it now.

BEST ORIGINAL TELEPLAY
Dennis Potter (above) for *Vote for Nigel Barton*. Born in 1935, written two novels, has been a scriptwriter and interviewer, a feature writer, TV critic and columnist.
Runner-up: **Dennis Potter** for *Stand Up for Nigel Barton*.

BEST BRITISH SCREENPLAY
Ray Rigby for *The Hill*. Born in 1916, he served with the BEF in France and later Libya, which gave him the background for the novel and screenplay.
Runner-up: **Frederick Raphael** for *Darling*.

BEST BRITISH SERIES
Awarded to the team of writers responsible for *Dr Finlay's Casebook*.
Runner-up: team responsible for *Z Cars*.

OUTSTANDING BRITISH ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
Frederic Raphael for *Darling*. Born in 1931, has written seven novels, two films, adapting *Far From the Madding Crowd* and *A Severed Head*.
Runner-up: **Anthony Simmons** (left) for *Four in the Morning*.

BEST DOCUMENTARY SCRIPT
Ken Russell (above), for *Debussy*. At one time a freelance for *Picture Post*. Has made 28 television films, specialising in composers – he did the Prokofiev, Elgar and Bartok programmes. Shares this award with **Melvyn Bragg**, author of two novels, instigator of the BBC-2 programme *New Release*.
Runner-up: **Malcolm Muggeridge** for *Ladies and Gentlemen*.

OUTSTANDING BRITISH COMEDY SCREENPLAY
Charles Wood, for *The Knack*. Born in 1932, has been in the Regular Army, worked as an electronic wireman, stage manager in rep, layout artist and a journalist. Two radio plays, four TV plays, four stage plays, two banned plays.
Runner-up: **Jack Davies** and **Ken Annakin** for *Magnificent Men*.

BEST BRITISH COMEDY SERIES
Peter Cook (far left) and **Dudley Moore** for *Not Only But Also*. Dud was born in 1935, Pete in 1937; after *Beyond the Fringe* they cornered the market for their particularly comic vision of life.

Runner-up: **Ray Galton** and **Alan Simpson** for *Steptoe & Son*.

MAKE A DATE

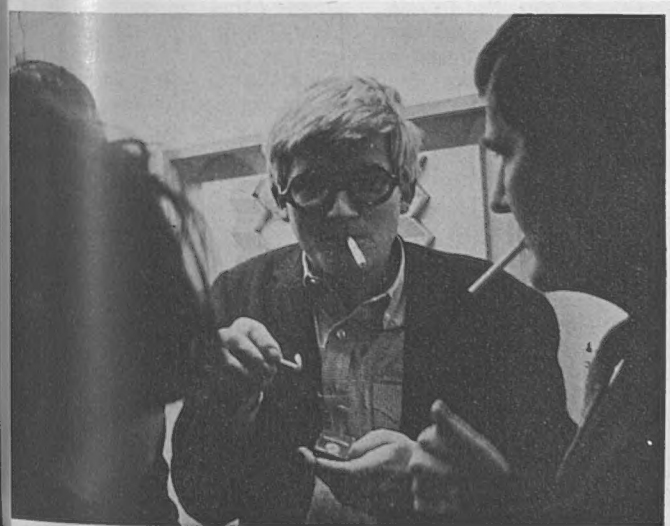
THUR: 10 MARCH. Recital: combined choirs of Magdalen and New College, Oxford. Westminster Abbey: 6.30 pm.
Ballet: Antonio and his Spanish Dance Company open at the Cambridge Theatre.
TV: David Frost begins 13-week series The Frost Report. BBC-1.
Wedding: Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands to Claus von Amsberg. In Amsterdam.
Dance: The Pineapple Ball in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys. Grosvenor House.
FRI: 11 MARCH. Private View: The Royal Society of Portrait Painters 72nd Annual Exhibition, 6 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, SW1. From 10 am.
Concert: Vladimir Ashkenazy (piano) with the English Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Daniel Barenboim. Fairfield Hall, Croydon. 7.45 pm.
SAT: 12 MARCH. Folk: concert at Royal Festival Hall. Bob Davenport, Enoch Kent and others. 8 pm.
SUN: 13 MARCH. Concert: New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus: Requiem, by Verdi. Conductor: Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos. Royal Festival Hall: 8 pm.
Concert: Palladian Concert Society in the Raphael Cartoon Gallery, Victoria & Albert Museum.
Recital: poetry and prose of Dylan Thomas, titled Flashing in the Dark. Hampstead Theatre Club: 8 pm.
MON: 14 MARCH. Royal Film Première: Born Free, from Joy Adamson's book, starring Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers. Odeon, Leicester Square. Queen attends.
Dinner: National Hunt Committee Centenary Dinner, Savoy.
First performance: Concerto in F minor by J. A. Benda (1792), English Chamber Orchestra at the Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street: 8 pm.
Preview: Naum Gabo Exhibition. Tate Gallery: 9 pm.
TV: Nelson—A Study in Miniature, by Terence Rattigan. Introduced by the Duke of Edinburgh. Michael Bryant and Rachel Roberts.
TUES: 15 MARCH. Play: The Door, by Timothy Holme. Conversion of St. Clare by St. Francis of Assisi. With Heather Sears. Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford: 7.45 pm.
Exhibition: "N.E. 66—the North East Comes to Town." Simpsons, Piccadilly. Eight floors devoted to the North-East's contribution to the country's prosperity.
Gallery: The Queen's Gallery open to the public.
WED: 16 MARCH. Spring Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall. Opening by Lord Bessborough.
Concert: Pierre Boulez conducts the BBC Symphony in settings of poems by Mallarmé by Ravel, Debussy and himself. Royal Festival Hall: 7.30 pm.

PARTY TIME

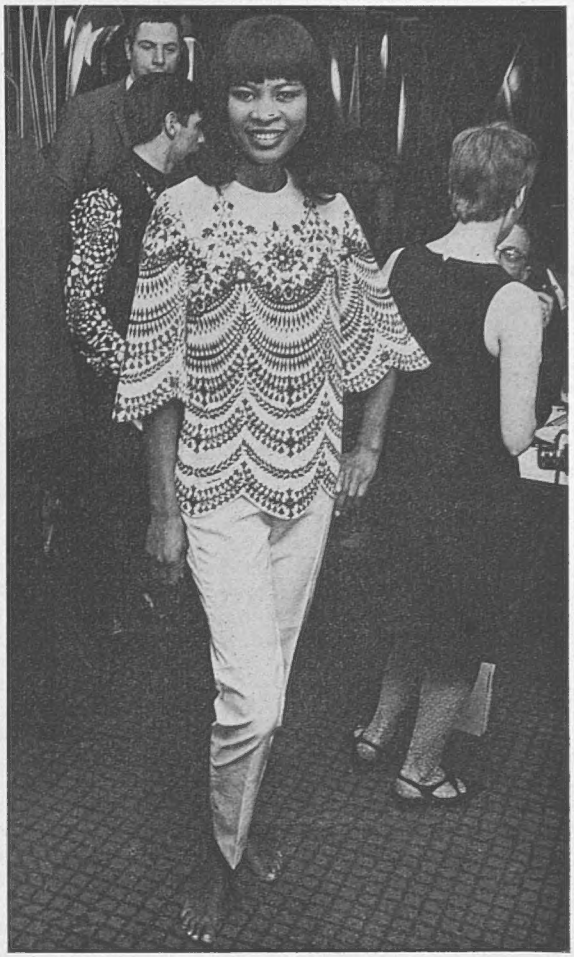
At the opening of Jann Haworth's one-man show (above) at the Robert Fraser Gallery, Marlon Brando put in an appearance. Others at the party included (far left) pop artist Derek Boshier and Janet Jones; and (left) Jann Haworth, who is Mrs Peter Blake.

Dame Margot Fonteyn and Claire Bloom at a party held by Carlisle & Gregg's (Jimmy's) the tutorial establishment (old boys include the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Winston Churchill) to mark a move from Lexham Gardens to Gloucester Road, and to mark the inclusion of a course in playwriting in its drama study. Robert Arias, Dame Margot's stepson, is one of the present-day students.

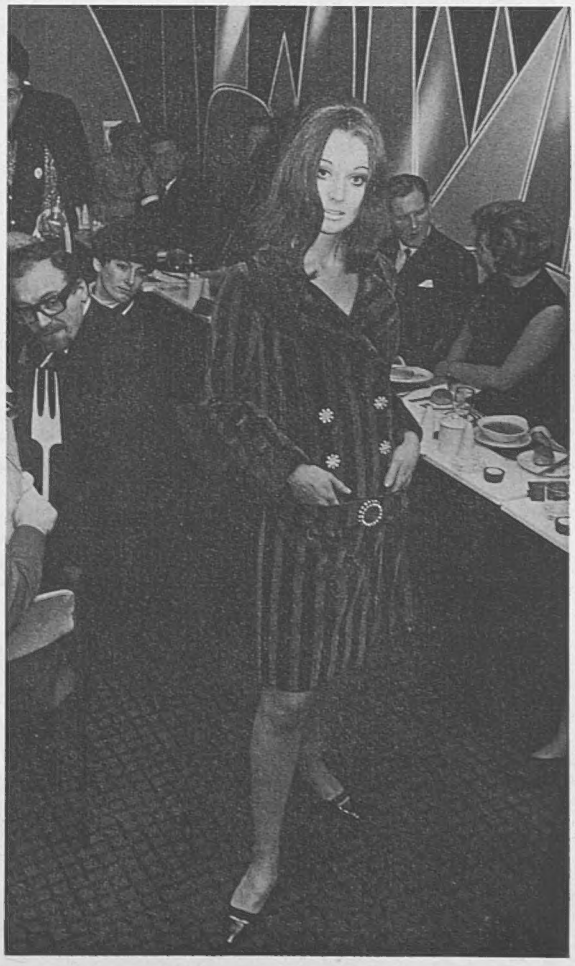
Barbara Hulanicki decided to move her Biba's Boutique from Abingdon Road to new and larger premises in Church Street, Kensington. Sunday morning was chosen for the move, and 60 model girls with escorts and friends helped out. Above: the removal van sweeps away, with Nicky Poulet (third from right) in the back. Left: Cathy McGowan with potted plant and Cilla Black with dressmaker's bust also lent a hand.



At a small party—which grew larger—given at the New London Gallery for Joe Tillson's exhibition, David Hockney (centre) talks to Bridget Riley and Keith Sutton.



At one of the opening parties (above and below) given by Peter Evans to launch his latest Eating House on the King's Road, models paraded the aisles between steaks and scampi showing clothes to fit in with David Hicks' aggressively op-art decor.



IS THIS OPERA A TREASURE OR A TOY?

The revival of unknown operas is a favourite pastime among the smaller, explorative music societies and opera groups. Frequently one discovers, on seeing the work, that there is every good reason why it has lain unseen and unheard for a century or more. In May Clare College, Cambridge, are taking the biggest risk yet and putting up £1,500 towards the £3,000 necessary to mount *Raymond and Agnes* at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge.

The risk is great because *Raymond and Agnes* is that rarest of birds – an English opera. It was first performed in Manchester in 1855, then again in London in 1859. After that it was never seen again. But recently, Dr Nicholas Temperley, a Music Fellow of Clare, discovered the vocal score. Subsequently he traced the only existing copy of the full score to the archives of the Library of Congress in Washington. Dr Temperley has edited the work in conjunction with conductor David Grant and producer Max Miradin

The plot is highly melodramatic – suitable no doubt for an age that loved mad brides and magic bullets – and concerns an evil baron who locks his ward up in a castle to prevent her marrying. She escapes disguised as the ghost of a nun; the ending is happy. Max Miradin has completely rewritten the libretto, the plot has been simplified by the removal of complicated subplots, and all but four of the original 26 movements have been retained.

Dr Temperley thinks the opera is comparable to early Verdi; the conductor thinks it is the best English Romantic opera ever produced and Clare College have paid a pound for every pound given from other sources, which include the Victorian Society, the John Lewis Partnership, several Cambridge colleges and private subscribers. Professional soloists will appear, led by Edmund Bohan and Jennifer Cox.

A great discovery . . . or an intellectual toy? The verdict will be on 2 May when *Raymond and Agnes* takes the stage.

They're on The List

In a world of instant success, instant death and instant food, the division of labour has become far more precise than Adam Smith ever anticipated. We need instant comment, instant synopsis, instant wit – just add limelight, and the soufflé rises before our very eyes.

We call the specialists in this field personalities: like disc-jockey Jimmy Saville, they are immortalised by being well-known for being well-known. So flexible are their minds, so catholic their tastes, and so atrophied their modesty, that they leap up and dance to almost any tune.

Charitable

Their stage is wide. An archetypal instant personality will willingly appear on a TV quiz, or late, late show; will lend his name to a variety of causes, charitable or commercial; judge beauty shows; testify to Royal Commissions; write to and for the Press; open shops and bazaars; give lectures; sign autographs; and respond with joy to any tormented journalist in need of an instant quote. Indeed, the instant personality first found recognition in the *Evening Standard* some years ago, when a harassed diarist invented the "Dial-a-Quote" system.

With "Dial-a-Quote," the technique is simple. Whatever the subject, turn to your handy list of celebrity phone numbers, dial and get ready to take down the pearl. The day's news may be grim: *Millions dead in boutique explosion.* So ring Miss Mary Quant and stand by for your quote, *Methodist missionary appointed Royal Bargee* – rely on David Frost for that one. *Incompetent peer floods hotel* – Patrick Campbell should have a few words to coax forth there.

To be fair if a comedian, couturier or writer is unusually articulate and opinionative, it would be a little hard to condemn them for exploiting their fluency. Complaints should be addressed, perhaps, to the entrepreneurs who present our instant personalities. Even a pundit can be drained of all impact, exposed to satiation, and discarded. But lazy editors and producers go on for ever.

There is one simple criterion by which one may judge the originality of these impresarios: do they use the unwritten list of Instant Personalities? And if you need first to identify the List of IPs, apply the following rules:

The First Rule is straightforward. Wait until a given name or face grows altogether too familiar to you. Not in one place alone—a by-line in one magazine, a role in a TV series —but scattered across the communicating media. For example, you might awake one day to the realisation that the syllables "Duke of Bedford," if repeated once more, will have you in the bin. (I am unable personally even to write the name of a certain philosopher's wife; they say in Scotland that every year the Dee drowns three – I can well believe it.)

Now try Rule One: what does this person do, know, or possess, that makes him notable? The answer in this case is that the human filling to this particular public shell is a Duke, and owner of a large tract of land. In *Burke's Peerage*, or the *Annals of the Country Gentlemen's Association*, a name to be met with no bewilderment. But the dreaded name appears elsewhere: on TV programmes, at film premières, at literary cocktail parties, in films, gossip columns, judging contests—clearly, an instant aristocrat.

Effective

Rule Two is even easier. Guilt by association has had an unfortunately poor Press, but remains nevertheless an effective criterion. If a name keeps cropping up as a guest on the *Eamonn Andrews Show*, as a contributor to "Something To Say" in *Woman's Mirror*, among the celebrities at a First Night or a discothèque opening, then take care. Next week the name's opinions will be sought by the Government or Benny Green—perhaps both.

Rule Three. Given a name,

Call them Instant Personalities or Dial-a-Quotes, says COLIN BELL

defined under Rule One, do you know, or can you predict, the subject's views on at least three topics remote from the Rule One classification? In other words, if the subject is by profession an economist, do you feel confident you know his views on abortion, the Rolling Stones and Ungaro? If he has also been photographed by David Bailey, the case is proven without further effort.

First Division

To compile a complete table of the current First Division of the List, one could do worse than turn to the *Radio Times* and *TV Times*.

This method yields a few surprises. Norman St John Stevas' appearances come as no shock to students of the House of Commons sub-list, nor Robert Morley's to specialists in the Wardour Street-Shaftesbury Avenue section. But journalist Maureen Cleave can be found busily lapping old-stagers like Marjorie Proops and Drusilla Beyfus. Miss Cleave has appeared on the following BBC-TV programmes: *Juke Box Jury, BBC 3, Open House, Panorama, Late Night Line-up, Enquiry,* and *A Whole Scene Going.*

There are currently three programmes built round figures who qualify for the List under Rules One and Three—and now, of course, form the meat of Rule Two. Benny Green, Bernard Braden and Robert Robinson, unlike Eamonn Andrews, started professional life as something other than TV comperes. Mr Green is a saxophonist turned journalist; Mr. Braden a comedian turned social commentator; and Mr Robinson a versatile journalist whose versatility constantly expands.

On their programmes one meets the same people that Foyle's Lecture Agency offers out to more select audiences. Desmond Donnelly, MP, a familiar TV face and newspaper by-line, has recently joined Foyle's. He is on record as saying: "A lot of people don't understand what I am trying to do. But I have to use the Press, the public platform and TV. I can achieve nothing in secret conclave." Since the departure from the House of Sir Gerald Nabarro (a Foyle's "old boy") and from power of Ernest Marples (BBC 3), Mr Donnelly is probably the champion of the House List. Mr St John Stevas and Mr Brian Walden are catching up fast, however. Mr Walden advises a TV programme, appears on TV, *and* advises a public relations agency.

Politicians suspected of joining the List have two defences: they are a class to whom one should naturally turn for comment and enlightenment on public affairs – they need the publicity in order to get back next time. The special sub-rule for MPs, then, in order to separate the normal limelight-craving politician from the Instant Political Personality is this: do the TV critics write more about him than the Lobby correspondents?

Journalists are another special case (after all, one hopes to be asked to appear on *Ready, Steady Go!* or the *Epilogue* oneself). Accustomed to offering superficial comment at speed on any subject, they make ideal List members. The test for them is an adaptation of C P Scott—if you can't recall the last fact they told you, but are sick of their opinions, they qualify for the Fleet Street List.

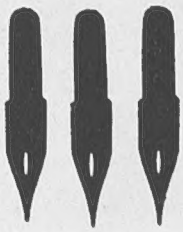
Staying-power

Many of these names are but List arrivistes whose staying-power is not yet assured. When Miss Cleave and Miss Quant, Mr Frost and Mr Stirling Moss are simply footnotes to A J P Taylor's definitive late-night lecture on the 'Sixties, Mr Taylor himself, Miss Barbara Cartland, Mr Malcolm Muggeridge and the Bishop of Southwark will still be going strong. Uncrowned Queen of the List is Miss Cartland—a romantic novelist whose opinions on the morality of modern times are freely available to all.

Some of today's younger entrants have the lines of stayers. On this basis, the polymath Jonathan Miller will surely be with us for a generation: doctor, comedian, literary critic, television and film director, writer, painter, panel-gamester. Miss Margaret Drabble vies with Miss Edna O'Brien and Miss Brigid Brophy in the contest for the succession to Miss Cartland.

All these names and more must be familiar to every reader, every viewer, every listener—*Woman's Hour* and *Housewives' Choice* are to radio what the late-night shows are to TV. Unmentioned but well qualified under one or more of the rules, are Adam Faith (a "pop" singer whose moral opinions, like those of Frankie Vaughan, are in the public domain); Harvey Orkin; Bamber Gascoigne; Canon Collins; Vanessa Redgrave (a classic example of the irrelevant-political List, those whose willingness to canvass public causes is only exceeded by their apparent lack of qualification to do so); Spike Milligan (an early prototype for Jonathan Miller); Katharine Whitehorn; and all Beatles.

If any of those mentioned dispute their title, let them refer to their Press cuttings. In fact, if any of them do not read their Press cuttings, that alone would be sufficient exemption. Meanwhile, ostracise any newspaper, magazine or TV show which offers more than one of them at a time. (*London Life* has made a good resolution). Next time someone dials a quote into your living room, dial back.



DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

Any moment now George Q Lewis of Madison Avenue, New York, is arriving in London to begin the task of organising the "World Humor Congress," scheduled to take place here in September. Mr Lewis is guided by the highest principles and is fearless of the task ahead. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," he says, to coin a phrase, and he is now engaged in using laughter to end hatred and destruction throughout the world. During his rushed trip through Europe, he is to seek the help of all our laughter-makers.

At these annual gatherings (the first was held in New York last year) he informed me that "leading risibility ticklers the world over will be called upon to devise more effective mass techniques of soothing the savage breast with a smile."

Higher laugh rate

Mr Lewis is nothing if not a professional and has, it appears, been doing very nicely out of laughter since he founded the Humor Societies of America in 1945. The main object of the congress in London will be to work out means of generating "a higher laugh rate per capita." This, however, is by no means all. There are 19 other serious aims of the congress, among which are the following:

TO PROMOTE a higher level of laughmaking on a global scale.

TO FIND the humor authorities of the world and invite their interest in the World Humor Congress activities.

TO DEVELOP Laff libraries in principal cities round the world.

TO HELP provide encouragement for the future funnymen and funnywomen of the world.

TO HELP co-ordinate laff-making activities.

No one is better qualified than Mr George Q Lewis for this onerous task. He has devoted his whole life to the development of humour. One after another new ventures, associations and societies have been developed by his facile mind.

He is the founder director of the "National Association of Gag-writers," the "Humor Hall of Fame," the "National Laugh Party," the "National Laugh Foundation," the "Ad Lib Society" and many others. The services of his organisation and the scope of his talents almost defy description. He is a dab-hand at "Laff luncheons," sponsored the "Laff Olympics," a competition on a national scale to discover the king and queen of laffs, founded the Museum of Modern Wit, and inspired not only the National Laugh Week (1945), but also the "Be Kind to Gag-writers Week."

Humour is not something to be organised once a year. No, indeed, it is not. Mr Lewis never stops. One thing just goes on leading to another. On the first Sunday of every month, the National Laugh Enterprises co-ordinates the promotion of special weeks. In January it was "Save the Pun Week." This month it is "Future Funnygirl Week," while already on the stocks are the National Humor Week in June, and the National Mimicry Week in December. Unfortunately, we, in England, can only participate in these from across the Atlantic.

The biggest laff event of the year in the United States is confidently predicted (by Mr George Q Lewis, of course) to be the "Senior Comedians' Week" in May, which has been organised by another of Mr Lewis's interests – the "Society for the Preservation of the Baggy Pants Comedians."

His activities do not end there. The needs and laff requirements of every man, woman and child in the United States are carefully studied by Mr Lewis. Even the underdeveloped areas (laffwise) are being catered for. At regular intervals, five comics in a station wagon make a laff-mobile tour of "comedy-distressed" areas bringing laffs and jokes, and making a feature of sidewalk auditions, to the street corners of cities throughout the United States.

You are not already convinced of the vital necessity of Mr Lewis's work? Let this be the moment of truth. In last year's Laff Olympics he presented the Laugh Chorale, with no fewer than 100 people laughing in melodic harmony. Twice each year he writes a humour report to the nation which is presented to the President and Congress, while his "Three Laughs a Day Club" emphasises the importance of laughter as therapy. The members do laugh exercises at least three times a day.

Mr Lewis's arrival will not be long delayed. It is now up to Londoners to make certain that he gets exactly the kind of reception that he deserves. Personally, I already have a grudge against Mr Lewis . . . suddenly nothing's funny any more.

Welcome, Rico . . .

"Good evening, Your Grace. . . . nice to see you, Milord. . . . w e l c o m e back Your Royal Highness." . . . Rico Dajou, the inimitable Rico, was back in town last week hosting his new lush night-club Le Prince in Bruton Place. At least, with Rico you know that if you have not got a title, he will always give you one for the evening.

So, once again, that Polish triumvirate of club-owners, John Mills of Les Ambassadeurs, Siegi Sessler of Siegi's Club and Rico Dajou, himself, is complete. They all operate in the square-mile of Mayfair, but hardly ever talk to each other. "We're Poles apart," said Rico.

He has promised to turn over a new leaf. I shall never forget watching him one night at midnight standing at the entrance of his own Casanova Club hurling abuse at his leading lady throughout her entire act. Welcome back, Rico. We missed you.

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LIFE WITH THE LIONS

Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers talk to SUSAN LYDON about the unique challenge of filming *Born Free*

Being licked by a lion can be a risky business...but to Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna it was just part of a day's work

"I suppose it's like being a convert to Roman Catholicism," says Virginia McKenna.

"It opened a window to something we had never thought about deeply and seriously, something we should have thought about; and now we believe in it intensely," says Bill Travers, her husband.

The subject calling forth these tones of reverence: lions. The believers: the stars of *Born Free*, this year's choice for the Royal Film Performance. Based on the best-selling book, the story deals with the extraordinary relationship between Joy Adamson, the wife of a game warden in East Africa, and Elsa, the lioness whom she brings up from a cub. Forced by law to relinquish their pet, the Adamsons refuse to send it to a zoo or circus; instead they boldly undertake to teach it to fend for itself in the wilds so that it can live free. No simple animal story, this. Its message had quite obviously transformed the Traverses.

"When we were first asked to do the film," Bill Travers says, "we read the book and were tremendously impressed by it because it made a definite point: how poor we are for lack of understanding of animals. We are so used to seeing them in zoos that we accept it as the natural thing. But animals are a minority group, really, and they have to be protected against the majority. In the last 40 or 50 years, 26 species have disappeared, and something has to be done about it, because they are as important to Africa as daffodils are to England."

An experiment

"It was thought of, from the very first, as an experimental film," says Travers. "No one had ever used people and lions in close contact before or was sure how to do it. I understand that everyone, even Walt Disney, had turned it down on the grounds that it couldn't be done. It was an exceptional idea; the lions were required to act as much as the actors, if not more. We didn't know if we could do it."

Neither of them had ever seen a lion outside a zoo before. Hoping to minimise the danger, the film's producers had decided to use circus lions. "We sat around outside their cage for a few weeks," says Miss McKenna, "hoping they'd get used to our presence and our smell. I remember feeling a bit sick watching Bill go inside for the first time. When you were inside the wire, we both agreed, the lions seemed much bigger – like elephants in fact. With these circus lions our relationship was never without fear; they were just waiting for us to make a wrong move."

"They had been trained to respect the stick," says Travers. "This business of staring the lion right in the eye is nonsense. They'll jump straight at you. Working with the stick was no way to tell a story based on trust and love."

When the "tame" lions proved too dangerous, Kenya lions had to be used. And from there, *Born Free* became probably the only film where, in order to tell the story of a book, the actors had to re-create it, doing precisely what the Adamsons had done with Elsa. They had to train the lions themselves.

"Contrary to all that's been in the press," says Travers, "no one could train them for us. During the filming, everyone else was caged. We were the only ones actually in the open with the lions. They had to know us."

Set rules

They used to take the lions walking in the morning – on all fours. "You had to be part of their pride. If we walked along and didn't keep up with them, they would get a bit dicey. There's an absolutely rigid set of rules in their pride; even if a lion goes off for a minute to spend a penny, he has to greet all the others when he comes back."

They walked the lion that was to be used in that day's filming. "But the problem came up of keeping contact with all the other lions. So we started to go on picnics with them. The idea was not to have other people out with us because then we couldn't keep up the concentration. And it became difficult to introduce new people to the lions. New people were nervous, and the lions always sensed it. We

would have to throw ourselves between the lion and the person. Very often our guest would end up finishing his lunch in the Land-Rover."

"They soon came to have a rapport with the lions," says producer Carl Foreman, "that was almost uncanny." But the relationship wasn't all "trust and love." Virginia McKenna had one unnerving incident. "We had gone stalking some Thompsons gazelle with them," she says. "It was at the beginning, before filming had started. We had been stalking for a while, and the lions got a bit fed up. We stood up, and from about 10 feet away Boy jumped at me, and landed all fours on my chest."

Flapping shirt

"There was a cracking sound like a couple of twigs," Travers says. "Ginny fell on the ground and said 'My leg's broken.' It was something new for the lions; they didn't know why she was lying on the ground. They came in for the attack. Quite by accident, we had harnesses on them that day. I grabbed hold of them and gave an enormous pull. Then I remembered that a few days ago I had enticed them out of the bush by flapping my shirt. In that second I ripped off my shirt and started flapping it madly. For a minute they stopped, and I didn't know if they were going to go in to attack Ginny or follow my shirt. They followed it, and I had to take a chance and lead them back into the Land-Rover before I could go back and pick up Ginny.

"It wasn't that they had got vicious; they had got playful. But when they're playful you can't say to them, 'Enough now, pack it all in,' as you would to a child: and their line between play and viciousness is very thin."

The "rather strange leading ladies and men" produced most of the problems in the filming. Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers, working with the lions all the time, found themselves in constant rows with the producers. "Everything in the film became incidental to the lions," explains Travers. "The producers couldn't understand that they weren't working with actors. Sam Jaffe would be screaming 'For God's sake get on with it; it's costing me money. Tell the lions to go back.' You simply couldn't do it; you had to move at the lion's, not the producer's, speed.

"A simple thing in the script would take days and days to shoot. For example, Carl Foreman had written in the script – which, after all, he had written in Jermyn Street – that when the Land-Rover pulls away, the lion is supposed to sit down in the road. Well, the road was in the sun, and lions simply won't sit in the sun. That was something that had been scheduled for maybe half a day. We tried it with every lion we had, and it took for ever to get the shot."

Now, they have been back from Kenya for almost a year. Their quiet "Gamekeeper's Cottage" near Dorking commands a view, not over the wilds of Kenya, but over the Surrey Downs; and Virginia McKenna, in county clothes, cuddles her three-year-old son instead of a lion cub. But for the china lion on the shelf, Bill Travers' photographs of lions all round the room, and the books about animals on the coffee table, theirs could be a Hollywood set for an English country home, and it is difficult to envisage them on all fours in the Kenyan veldt.

Hard to leave

"We got so attached to the lions, it was hard to leave," says Miss McKenna. "We couldn't think of bringing one back; it would have put us in the same predicament as the Adamsons. They would have been miserable in a climate like this; in European zoos they lose their virility and become unhappy creatures. You wouldn't wish that on a friend, and they were our friends.

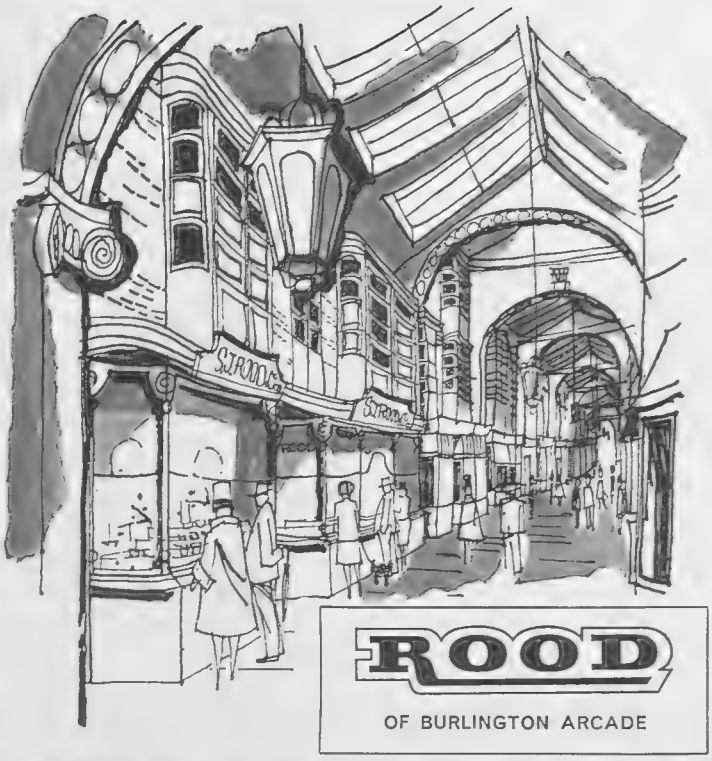
"Also we couldn't have them around with children. They don't like children; they think they're little animals. There's such a personality change in them when they see children that it's unnerving."

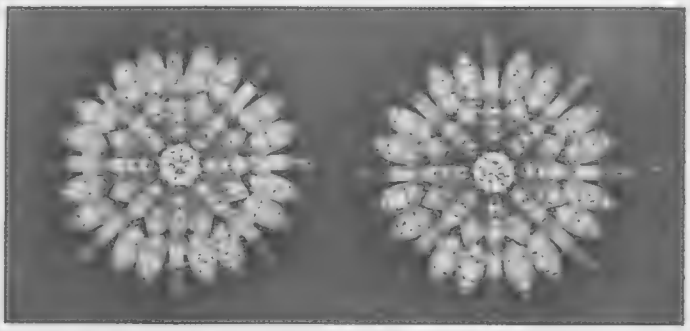
"Someone once wrote," adds Bill Travers, "that there are good lions and bad lions, tame lions and wild lions, but there are no safe lions."

Two of the lions who worked in the film had been rehabilitated by George Adamson, but the Traverses had failed to secure their release in Kenya. "I went to see them at Whipsnade zoo." Miss McKenna says. "It was *terrible*. I hadn't seen them in months, but they knew me straightaway. Little Elsa came running up and jumped on me, moaning and crying. To see a friend locked up like that . . ."

She seemed more than a bit wistful.

"Born Free" is premiered at the Royal Film Performance, Odeon Leicester Square on 14 March.





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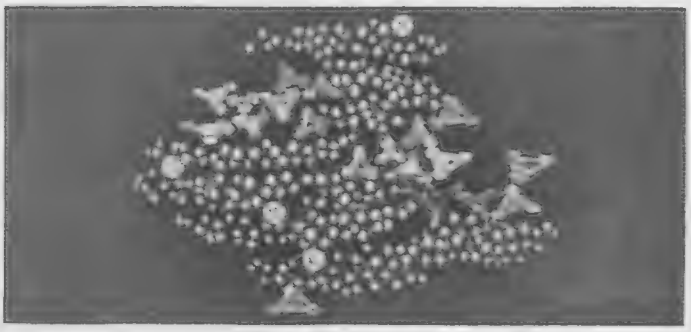

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The sad, sad face of HAPPY HOWERD

Frankie Howerd: with the girls of St Trinian's in hot pursuance.

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london life

Nobody looks less like an embryo Great Train Robber than Mr Frankie Howerd. The mailbag guard would take one look at his spaniel face and fall about laughing. Not, I hasten to add, that there is anything peculiar about his face. It is just that Frankie Howerd equals laughter.

However, this has not deterred Mr Howerd from appearing as a trainee train robber in the latest film dealing with the horrors of the sixth form in *The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery*. His boss is the brains behind the robbery and somehow they get mixed up with the girls of St Trinian's. Gang warfare breaks out – Howerd versus horrors. I won't spoil it for you by revealing who wins. Suffice to say that Mr Howerd meets his match in a battle of eggs, flour and bad tomatoes. "The trouble with child actors," said Mr Howerd, "is that they tend to get carried away. The further the better as far as I am concerned. No seriously, it was a most enjoyable picture to make."

We were talking over lunch in a Kensington restaurant. And before we started on the starters the Kensington people were grinning over their steaks. Not because Mr Howerd had pulled a funny face or declared "not on your nelly." Simply because for 20 years Frankie Howerd has been making us laugh and just looking at him now sets off an automatic laughter reaction. Ironical, really, when you discover that he is in fact a very serious man who takes life very seriously.

Basically shy

The former star of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* very rarely has funny things happening to him on the way to anywhere. "Being a comedian is just a job of work to me," he said. "Basically I am a very shy person and I have had to conquer this shyness in order to remain in show business. On stage, for instance, I have to convince myself that in the black void in front of me there is just a mass of people. Not a lot of *individual persons*, if you see what I mean."

Individual persons frighten Mr. Howerd because they need to be communicated with. And being deep-down shy he finds communication difficult. He tries to make up for it by letting out a torrent of words like a man on a phychiatrist's couch. "I need people to like me," he said. And he suddenly surprises you by asking what *you* think of him. If he takes a liking to you he is just as likely to turn the tables and do an instant psychoanalysis of your character.

It is hard to imagine this big man with the perpetual expression of a shocked bishop, mincing about a stage acting at being the funny man. It prompted me to wonder if he had never wished he had taken up some more serious profession.

"No," he said, thinking about it carefully. "Looking back I don't think so. But if I had it would have to be something concerned with *people*."

Grinning diners

We reached our steak pies and the other diners were still grinning. Apart from the new film, his new television series has just started on BBC1–scripts by Messrs Simpson and Galton. "I can't write myself," he said. "I wish I could. People are always expecting me to be funny when they meet me and I always feel they must be terribly disappointed when I'm not."

A grinning fellow diner came over to say he had seen Mr Howerd in *Forum* and he had never laughed so much. Mr Howerd said he must have a very dirty mind and the whole restaurant rocked with laughter.

"That sort of thing happens all the time," he said later, sadly contemplating the brown depths of his coffee. "But I must be grateful because I really need people to like me. It wasn't long ago I thought I was finished. I hadn't been booked for anything for nine months and I was preparing to face the fact that this was the end of the road for Frankie Howerd. I don't know what I would have done if it had been the end. Become a publican, I suppose, or opened a club. I would have had to have done something because I had not taken a very close interest in what happened to my money. Then like a miracle people started laughing at me again, and here I am back at the top. And now I am looking after my money."

Mr Howerd gazed dolefully around him–and everybody grinned back happily. They may have given *me* indigestion, but as long as they carry on grinning, Mr Howerd is happy–even though he may not look it.

Rodney Burbeck

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WORTH A QUEEN'S RANSOM

It is not wealth that one needs to appreciate the arts so much as an attitude of mind. In a recent broadcasted examination of modern artistic values, Michael Ayrton aptly made the point that in order to appreciate art, to comprehend its values and to speak its language "it is absolutely necessary to keep company with the end product" – the work of art. This personal effort applies not only to modern art but also to what we call the Old Masters. From this point of view alone it would be reasonable for any of us to envy the British Royal Family, because the Queen's pictures (some 4,500) and her art treasures in toto still form the greatest private collection in the world.

On 15 March, a new exhibition of items from these immense resources will be on view to the public at the Queen's Gallery in Buckingham Palace. It is called "George IV and the Arts of France" and will presumably include Claude's beautiful *Rape of Europa*, which for a time graced one of the nursery walls in which the present Queen and Princess Margaret grew up.

In 1933 it was still possible to write "The general public knows little of the Royal Collection beyond those pictures at Hampton Court." Since then, and particularly since the Second World War, first at the great exhibition at the Royal Academy, then through subsequent loans and through the publication of the first of the six catalogue volumes of the entire collection, the public has gained some idea of the richness of this artistic history. For history it is. Weird, wonderful and often opportunist in its putting together, fascinating in its unravelling, enjoyable and marvellous in its presence.

Could hardly fail

The Queen's Gallery itself was the Queen's idea. Like Aladdin's Cave, it could hardly fail to dazzle in the first instance. By November 1964 some 300,000 people had paid to see "Italian Art." At that time, however, John Russell made a succinct point. "Many great themes (in the exhibition) are touched on," he said: "none is followed through. Those whose duty it is to present these exhibitions would seem to pre-suppose an Edwardian greediness in the public, an undifferentiated appetite for miscellaneous marvels. The Queen's Gallery is not a classroom, it may be argued, but neither is it an exalted bazaar."

Perhaps the point has now been taken. Here there is an exhibition with a specific, even an unexpected theme.

One of the things this exhibition will probably demonstrate is something that the form of the gallery has already stressed in a discreet, but none the less effective, manner. This is that the Royal Collection has always been formed by individual tastes for private reasons by people who regarded art above all as a means of intimate communication. Even when the works of art collected have been grand in scale, such as the Mantegna's at Hampton Court or the Raphael Cartoons, now freshly visible at the V & A, their purpose has not been the aggrandisement of the collector.

At one of the most important periods of acquisition (George III and George IV), the ideal guiding the impulse to collect was that of the all-round gentleman, the person of balanced culture, gregarious, robust and fastidious at the same time.

It should also be remembered that most of the best things in the Royal Collection were bought by young people with a love for what we would now call "advanced taste" in art. Charles I was 23 when he purchased those Raphaels, 29 when he commissioned the Whitehall ceiling from Rubens, and in his early 30s when he bought paintings by the then little - known Rembrandt. George III was 24 when he bought Vermeer's *Music Lesson*, and Prince Albert 27 when he bought the Duccio triptych, at that time an artist scarcely known or not considered important in England.

George IV, most famous for his interest in Dutch painting, acquired a real bargain at 500 guineas by purchasing, a year after he ascended the throne, Jan Steen's *The Morning Toilet*, and this is now recognised as one of the very finest works of the artist. Queen Victoria banished the painting for a time from the gallery at Buckingham Palace to a small room upstairs. It shows the artist's wife sitting on her bed, displaying both knees as she draws on a stocking.

Roger Fry once observed

Reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen

The Queen's Gallery in Buckingham Palace, which opens on 15 March, forms the greatest collection of art treasures in the world, says KEITH SUTTON

that of the three English kings who had shown greatest appreciation of the arts, two (Richard II and Charles I) had been put to death, and the third (George IV), perhaps through the advantage of living in less compulsive times, only had the windows of his coach broken by the mob. Despite this, Fry claimed that the British had a certain genius for acquiring works of art. For royalty by itself has been only spasmodic in its enthusiasm. Georges III and IV, although the greatest augmentors of the Royal Collection after Charles I, were in fact acting on good advice from an established aristocracy of private citizens and collectors.

Royal art-talk

Until their time, the Hanoverians had not been noted for their response to the arts. Indeed, it is likely that both kings, bored with official life, found art-talk less wearisome than political-talk – which was the other occupation of gentlemen. Nevertheless, George IV listened to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and to other artists who lived in Italy and the Low Countries, to good effect, taking advantage of the artistic aftermath of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. During this period, the contents of innumerable French châteaux were thrown on the art market and dispersed over the whole civilised world.

The Wallace Collection, with its superb French furniture, is the supreme example in England of civilised reclamation and opportunism. The main staircase has a history going straight back to a rubbish dump in Paris.

Of course, things will never be quite like that again. Yet it would be nice to think that the lesson is not forgotten, and that the people who dismiss the taste of international art as inane would applaud the risks being taken in the name of enthusiasm. They should realise that good taste means imagination rather than passive acceptance of the readily recognisable.

The Queen's Gallery in Buckingham Palace is open to the public from 15 March between 11 am and 5 pm from Tuesday to Saturday, and between 2 20 and 5 pm on Sunday. It is closed all day Monday. Admission: 2s 6d, but 1s 6d to students presenting a Student's Card.

Roll-top writing desk (right) is a masterpiece made by Riesener for a king. Other pictures: "Europa," painting by Claude (far left); Portrait bust of Maréchal de Vauban (above, left); Vase Angola (left); water-colour of an English officer by C.Vernet (above).

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Cakes and music for a maestro

Jan Smeterlin, the Polish pianist, considered the world's greatest exponent of Chopin, is preparing to write two books. One will be, predictably, about the interpretation of Chopin's piano music; the other is to be a cookery book.

"It is a formidable proposition," he says, referring to the Chopin book. "But Cassels are producing a series on interpretation by various people and they want me to write 45,000 words. This very charming young man came to see me and we discovered that we both enjoy detective novels."

Backwater

The 71-year-old musician lives in a quiet backwater off Kensington High Street. The house is large, with a panelled gallery. On one piano stands a photograph of Chopin looking haunted and rather angry. On another piano is a picture of Debussy (which the composer gave to Mary Garden, his first Melisande) looking exactly like Paul McCartney. "I shall deal with several of Chopin's pieces in the book and analyse them in great detail.

The cookery book has been maturing for many years. Smet, one of the most travelled of pianists, has always collected recipes wherever he has been – from Java and the fish markets of France. His own reputation as a cook is wide and he has trained his Spanish cook to recreate the cakes he learned to make in Vienna, many-layered and rich with cream. A particularly lush chocolate cake made by him was once served to the Queen Mother who instantly demanded the recipe.

Whole menu

"The trouble with publishers," he says, "is that with cookery books they want you to cover the whole menu. I just specialise in certain dishes. But the book is under way."

Though he concentrates on Chopin, Smet maintains what he calls self-criticism by playing Bach's Goldberg Variations each day as well as some Beethoven and Debussy. He gives his annual London recital at the Royal Festival Hall on 20 March.

FANTASTIC

What the hunting instinct does to collectors as revealed by ANGELA INCE

Collectors start young and go on for ever; for collecting is an infection you pick up in the cradle and never recover from. Some people are immune from this infection, and though they may in later years own collections, they will not in fact be Collectors. You can tell a Collector streets, or portobello markets, away; the look on the face of a small boy as he peers through a shop window at a packet of 100 Mixed European Stamps (All Different) is first cousin to the look on the face of an elderly gentleman at Christie's who is waiting for Lot 283 to come up.

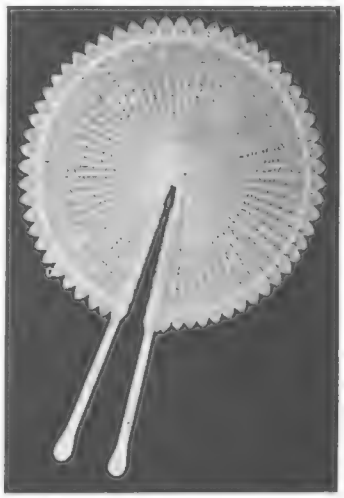
(*"A fine Persian bookbinding, the sides of sunk panels of arabesques and leaf scrolls on a gold ground, within gold ruled and tooled borders, the reverse with sunk panels on blue, green or gold grounds, surrounded by double gilt fillets and a border of eight compartments, 5¾ in. by 6½ in. open, laid between glass, in standing frame, Persian, 16th century."*)

This look is a mixture of desire, impatience and a not very skilful attempt to look unconcerned.

Gun-dog instinct

Collectors are tuned to a delicate wavelength; walking down a perfectly ordinary street they will stop and quiver like a gun-dog. They have heard the rustle in the undergrowth and they know that inside that shop on a shelf at the back under some undistinguished rubble It will be there; the unperforated penny black, the holograph letter of Napoleon, the William & Mary tankard disguised by 100 years of grime. The fact that 99 times out of a 100 all that is under the undistinguished rubble is more undistinguished r u b b l e matters not a penny piece to a Collector. The hunt is all, or almost all.

The hunt begins at an early age with marbles, conkers, bits of coloured glass alleged to be of fantastic worth, pictures of horses torn out of magazines, other people's signatures and unpleasant pieces of snakeskin discarded by very small snakes. It graduates, depending on the tastes and income of the collector, to Chinese bronzes, Russian ikons, military uniforms of the 18th century, old love letters, matchbox labels, and rare and unusual buttons. Rather ordinary buttons that are sitting in an old coffee jar waiting to be sewn back on again do not count, nor do pieces of string that might come in handy one day, since any fool can collect those. Your true Collectors' item is something that has to be hunted for with patience and diligence, like a truffle; it need not be expensive when you start the collection, but it is pleasing if it gains in value as your collection mounts up.



A Chinese ivory fan of 1849, lent by Mrs de Vere Green

On 16 March Collectors, as well as people who simply like to look at beautiful things, will be heading avidly for Chelsea Old Town Hall, where the Earl of Bessborough will be opening the 7th Annual Spring Antiques Fair, the first important date in the Collectors' year; 46 antique dealers from all over the country will be exhibiting everything from furniture to manuscripts, all carefully vetted for authenticity and all made before 1830. The variety and range of the fair is immense – among the exhibits will be a marble head of Tintoretto, reputedly stolen from his tomb, a Sheraton rosewood worktable, and a collection of Eskimo ivory animals. Among those sending exhibits will be Mrs de Vere Green. She specialises in fans, and part of her collection will be on public view for the first time at the Fair (unlike other items on show her collection is to look at, not to buy).

"You either are a collector or you aren't," says Mrs de Vere Green, "and I'm a natural collector. I loved making scrapbooks as a child, and I've collected all my sons' birthday cards in an album. A collector has to be something of a sentimentalist, I think."

She started collecting just after the war ended, 20 years age, when someone gave her two fans as a gift and she began to look around for more. She searches for them at Sotheby's and Christies, the Portobello Road and Kensington High Street. Friends ring her up and tell her they've found a fan belonging to their grandmother in an attic, or they've seen a fan in a junkshop, and would she be interested. Fans in good condition are not all that easy to find, since they are fragile things: "There was very little available in 1945, and that, of course, made the pursuit more interesting. The joy is in finding an item yourself – I do have one or two dealers keeping a lookout for me, but its not the same."

Priceless fans

In 20 years Mrs de Vere Green has collected about 250 fans; she has not specialised in one period or country, but has gathered together a representative, and virtually priceless, collection. She has fans made of ivory, silk, lace and chicken skin (which is not in fact chicken skin, but usually treated kidskin). Among those that will be at the Fair are an intricately carved circular Chinese fan in ivory, an early French fan painted with a scene from the story of Esther, and an English almanac fan painted with flowers of the seasons and recording the birthdays of the children of George III.

The Spring Fair will be open daily at Chelsea Town Hall from Wednesday 16 March to Saturday 26 March, 11 am.-7.30 pm. Admission 5s on opening day, 4s thereafter.

Libby Morris demonstrates FANtastically the Victorian silent-conversation language of the fan

"Wait for me"

"I hate You"

"Follow me"

"I still hate you"

"You may kiss me"

"You are too willing"

Libby Morris is appearing in Ad-Lib at the Fortune Theatre. Her LP Ad-Libby is released on 12 March

CLAP HANDS, COUNTRY STYLE

BY SUSAN LYDON

When the hand-clapping, foot-stomping Festival of American Country Music comes to the Royal Albert Hall on 11 March, it will offer Londoners a rare opportunity to see, in one programme, a variety of folk music styles seldom glimpsed outside the rural American South. Harold Davison, in association with Lippmann and Rau, is bringing the Festival to London.

Heading the bill are the Stanley Brothers, backed by the Clinch Mountain Boys. They play bluegrass and sacred songs. Bluegrass dates from 1945 when Bill Monroe formed the Bluegrass Boys (named after the "blue" grass that grows in Kentucky) and gave their name to the entire style.

Folklorist Alan Lomax once described bluegrass as "folk music with overdrive," and the analogy is apt. Its galloping rhythm depends for its uniqueness on the style of banjo-picking developed by Earl Scruggs. The style is mechanical and highly precise, and it is no accident that many of the best banjoists in America today are mathematicians and physicists.

Better known

Carter Stanley played, for a time, in Monroe's band, and the Stanley Brothers were formed in 1946. They are better known for their vocals than for their instrumentation; for songs like "Little Glass of Wine" and "I'm a Man of Constant Sorrow."

Radio and stage shows, like the famous Wheeling Jamboree in Wheeling, West Virginia and the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tennessee, play an important part in country music. Cousin Emmy, also in the Festival, has done little recording but became well known through her radio programme called *Cousin Emmy and her Kinfolks*. She comes from Barren Country, Kentucky, and despite her age, 63, and her old-folks-at-home name, she is rather glamorous and "comes on," says folksinger Sandy Darlington, "like a hillbilly version of Marlene Dietrich. She's a real raver." She likes to wear tight slacks onstage, so she can bend over and play the fiddle between her legs, and was very upset when they made her wear a dress at the Newport Folk Festival.

Cousin Emmy: Hillbilly version of Marlene Dietrich

The music of the South is almost inseparable from its religion. Cousin Emmy has always worked in the evangelistic church, and she once refused an offer to do commercials advertising alcohol and tobacco because, she said, she loved her friends too much to sell them anything that would be harmful to them.

The most old-timey performer on the programme is Roscoe Holcomb. A carpenter from a mining town in the Kentucky Mountains, he was "discovered" by John Cohen of the New Lost City Ramblers in 1959. He lives in Daisy, Kentucky, a town half-way between Hazard and Viper. (One of the more picturesque features of the South is the names it gives its towns. In Mississippi you can set up residence in Alligator, Standing Pine, or Hot Coffee, but as folksinger Frank Proffitt says, "Who'd ever want to live in a place called *Viper*?") It is in the highest and most vicious part of the mountains, in a region that has produced singers like Doc Boggs, Merle Travis, and Jean Ritchie. John Cohen has dubbed the music from that region "the high and lonesome sound," and made a film about Holcomb called *High Lonesome*.

The Huckberry Ramblers Cajun Band come from the bayou country of central Louisiana. Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" was, remember, a true story, and the Cajuns are the descendants of those unfortunate natives expelled from Arcadia by the British. The Cajuns sing, as they speak, in a beat-up French, and their music is played on fiddle, accordion, and triangle.

The New Lost City Ramblers are both an anomaly in and the most important part of the Festival. An anomaly because in a line-up of country performers they are "city folk," and the most important part because they revived the interest in the music which makes the Festival possible, they planned the programme, and they are excellent performers in their own right. The Ramblers are John Cohen, Mike Seeger, and Tracy Schwartz. When they formed the group in 1958 (with Tom Paley instead of Tracy Schwartz) they explained the name as "New, because we are trying to do something new; lost, because the kind of music we play is now lost; city, because we come from the city; and ramblers, well, just because." At the same time they formed a group in New York called The Friends of Old Time Music, which put on concerts of newly rediscovered country performers. Old Time Music is what the Ramblers play, music recorded commercially in the '20s and '30s, a sound that is out of date by country people's standards. The music has a rinky-tink sound; the lyrics are often topical, about subjects like the death of the blue eagle (Roosevelt's symbol of the National Recovery Act, called in the South the National Run-around, was a blue eagle, under which were the words: "We do our part."), or humorous ("There ain't no flies on me."). Their recordings of songs "From the Depression" and "Of Moonshine and Prohibition" document grass-roots expression of feeling during the periods of history when Southerners were most "up against it."

So lonesome

The Ramblers' act is marked by country humour ("I've been lonesome in the saddle since my horse died," or "What are we going to call the old lady now that mother's become a dirty word?"), and tremendously versatile instrumental virtuosity. Mike Seeger plays, according to bluegrass musician Bill Clifton, "every instrument he can get his hands on," and was last year voted, in a poll, the best all-round folk musician in America.

Although the Festival only comes to London for one night it ought to make many new Friends of Old-Time Music. And the converts won't be disappointed, for in April, agent Roy Guest plans to bring over Clarence Ashley (a tobacco farmer from the east Tennessee hills, who started his singing career in 1910 with a travelling medicine show) and in May, Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys.

BRUCE GOES WILDE

Bruce Forsyth, complete with a suitable entourage of ghostly groans, chains and pools of blood, emerges as recommended viewing for both adults and children in a TV play on 12 March. It is the last in the series of ABC TV's "Mystery and Imagination" with Forsyth in the title role of "The Canterville Ghost," the send-up of the Victorian Ghost story tradition by Oscar Wilde.

Appearing in his first "almost straight" play Bruce Forsyth plays a rather amateurish ghost, hard put to raise the statutory shivers and shrieks. Hence ABC TV's recommendation for children and adults, but they qualify this by saying: "After all most kids should be in bed by 10.5 pm."

THIS IS HAMPSTEAD

Hampstead's thorn-in-the-side-of-bureaucracy – the New Hampstead Society – has a problem. Whether to come out on the side of the proposed East-West radial motorway – or the side of the people whose houses will come down to accommodate it. "We have belly-ached long enough for proper urban motorways," said secretary Mr Chris Gotch, "but you have to think of the people who will lose their homes."

In the past, the Society has campaigned for a modern-style civic centre (success), against the widening of Finchley Road (failure) and against parking meters (partial success – plans were shelved). And surprisingly, they came out on the side of the Tastee Freeze Wimpy Bar when a conservative element in Hampstead opposed it. The Society is made up of 20 per cent. architects and town planners, and, says Mr Gotch, "a cross-section of Left Wing intellectuals and rather brilliant Right Wing people."

Sign in a Heath Street dress shop: "Here spoken Finnish, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Russian and Yugoslav." What, no English?

Mr Norman St John Stevas (Con., Chelmsford) lists three reasons for living in the borough: 1. His house – one of the few Queen Anne houses in London. 2. The village atmosphere. 3. The slightly Bohemian atmosphere – "You can wear what you like," he says. "It is also nice to have so many things going on around you. Although I never have time to join in."

What price snobbery? Residents in Hampstead Garden Suburb – officially Golders Green – have to wait an extra day for letters to be delivered if they insist on listing their address as Hampstead.

Mr. Ben Whittaker, the prospective Labour candidate, doesn't live there. He lives in Pimlico, which is a nice Socialist word for Belgravia, but visits the borough frequently. His campaign has already started and he is thoroughly enjoying it, being a "radical progressive" and finding Hampstead full of "argumentative idealists." He says he is "trying to get away from the traditional election campaign concept where the candidate is wheeled in and talks at the audience." Instead, he is having a series of public discussion meetings. He calls them "speak-ins." "Teach-in," he says, "is patronising."

The Everyman is London's artiest of art cinemas. They play classical music in the intervals and definitely don't sell ice creams. They are also one of the few cinemas with genuine original silent film equipment.

Marghanita Laski says Hampstead is a Utopia. "It has a different climate to the rest of London. It is colder and cleaner and it has the most beautiful houses and superb views and a good history." She believes it would be even more blissful without cars. In fact, she has worked out a plan "in some detail" for banning cars from the village.

Shop names that get straight to the point: CHIC – A FASHION SHOP; INTERIORS – AN INTERIOR DECORATING SHOP; THAT NEW SHOP – A BOUTIQUE. But the EXOTICA COFFEE BAR rather belies the image with cheese rolls in the window.

The telephone number of a restaurant called HAMpstead 8444 is HAMpstead 8443.

Two *Power Game* players live in Hampstead: PETER BARKWORTH, whose proudest possession is a painting he picked up for a couple of pounds and found it was worth roughly £500, and PATRICK WYMARK, who drinks in the Magdala Tavern on Sunday lunchtimes, looking very un-Wilder-like in pink shirt.

RESIDENTS: ARTISTS: Edmond Kapp, Brian Robb, Arthur Boyd, Lord Methuen, Trevor Tennant, Keith Vaughan, Bernard Meadows. WRITERS: John and Penelope Mortimer, William Empson, Gerard Tickell, Pamela Frankau, David Divine. CONDUCTOR: Anatole Fistoulari. PIANIST: Fou Ts'ong. COMPOSER: Wilfred Josephs.

Ken Paul has the most curious of curio shops in England's Lane. He has three floors packed with antiques – several pieces worth a lot of money – but nothing is for sale. The sign over his shop-door reads: "TV and film hire," and he gets little old ladies coming in to hire a TV set. In fact, he hires out his antiques to film and television companies for use on background sets. He can supply most things from any period or country. And his boast is that if anyone rings up and asks if he has a life-size stuffed gorilla, he can reply: "Certainly, what size would you like?"

QUOTE: "Every inch of the Heath is Holy ground to me." – Michael Foot, MP.

Lunchtime drinking quote in the Magdala Tavern: "I am being nominated as Pseud of the Year. The Oscar is a Hush Puppy mounted in bronze." – TV scriptwriter Neil Shand.

The difference between Soho and Hampstead is that in Hampstead French lessons advertised in newsagent windows are genuine French lessons.

Rival social factions in Chelsea and Hampstead held parties to end all parties to prove which district was best. The same people turned up at both parties.

Hampstead was the home of the only British MP to be assassinated – Spencer Percival. It has been the home of Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Harold Wilson (although his house is in the Garden Suburb part).

Politicians seem to gravitate to Hampstead like lemmings. (Maybe it's the sense of power, as they look out over London from the hilltop.) Mr Henry Brooke still lives there, despite having his majority slashed from 12,000 to 1,800 in the last election. His neighbours include Douglas Jay, Mrs Dora Gaitskell, Sir Frank Soskice, Stephen Swingler, Sydney Silverman, Dame Eirene White and Mr Hector Hughes, who takes an occasional dip in the pond.

Millionaires are pretty thick on the ground: Max Rayne bought a £7,000 house, knocked it down and built a £70,000 one. Charles Forte, Paul Chambers and Bernard Delfont live there.

Number Nine, West Heath Road, is undoubtedly the most startling house in London. Built of blue engineering brick, it looks vaguely reminiscent of a germ-warfare centre. It cost £100,000 and it is the home of a man called C S Schreiber, who has a furniture manufacturing business in Hertfordshire. The architect, Mr James Gowan, explained that the house was built so that the interior was completely functional. It was started without an overall end in view. The result is an exterior which does not look like a house at all – more like something knocked up with a child's brick set.

"We had a moment of hesitation when we saw the exterior," said Mr Gowan. "But now I rather like it and the client is quite happy. It pleases many people and I find that after you get used to it you like it more." Time, money and thought were lavished on the interior. It is marble throughout, with a bronze staircase and fittings.

Coloured immigrants have moved into West Hampstead and it has been nicknamed "British West Hampstead."

"Scientology is the ology in which the art of communication has a fresh new presentation. The philosophy of knowing can really get you going the workings of the mind, are an illuminating find and facts of life emotional no longer seem commotional." *Notice of a discussion meeting at The Three Horseshoes.*

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE DRIVING

Right: Comedian Roy Castle celebrated his return to England by buying a Humber Imperial. "I needed the room for Daniel's carry-cot."

Below: Classical guitarist Sebastian Jorgensen drives an old Ford Popular to his rehearsals at the Round Pond —"the acoustics and the atmosphere suit me."

Above: Sheila Scott sets off on 27 April to fly round the world in a single-engined plane. If she makes it, she will be the first Briton to do so. She has bought to come back to a Fiat 850 Coupé.

Right: James Leasor shares a car with his spy-hero, Dr Jason Love: both drive a rare American Cord.

Left: Charlotte Lampard drives a Triumph Herald. Sometimes it gets dented —perhaps by enthusiastic petrol-pump attendants.

Above: The Hon Bunty Lampson zips through London in a Mini-Moke and fur coat.

Top picture: Marks & Sparks heir Jonathan Sieff, an ex-racing driver, is currently in love with a Maserati.

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PUBS THAT ENTERTAIN

Crown and Anchor Islington

Sign of a good pub that entertains is a pub that attracts other entertainers. On a fine Sunday lunchtime at the Crown and Anchor in Crown Street, Islington, you may spot Dis Disley, Terry Lightfoot, Sandy Brown and members of the Acker Bilk band. The attraction – the Johnny Parker band.

Landlord Mr Clive Hawley who introduced live jazz eight months ago, says: "It was a gimmick that paid off. Apart from that, I actually like the music they play."

The band play at the pub on Thursday nights as well as Sunday lunchtimes. "We play traditional jazz," says pianist Johnny Parker, "Please don't call it 'trad'. Everybody jumped on the trad bandwagon when it became popular. I like to think that we play good traditional jazz rather than pop trad.

"What I like about playing in a pub is that we are not subject to any commercial pressures. We can play what we like, when we like and why we like. And I think the Crown and Anchor has become so successful because it's unusual to get good jazz – which is what we try to provide at a pub."

Johnny says he "lost his temper" playing with orthodox commercial bands and prefers the free-think atmosphere of a pub. So do several hundred jazz fans who make a twice-weekly pilgrimage to Islington to listen to Johnny's music.

Photographs by John Benton Harris

The Johnny Parker band entertains at the Crown and Anchor, Islington. The full band includes Bob Todd (drums), Graham Stewart (trombone), Dave Godard (bass), Mike Peters and Bob Ray (trumpets), and Wally Fawkes (clarinet). Wally, as artist Trog, draws the Flook strip in the *Daily Mail*.

THE IRISH IN LONDON

The florists are stocking up with shamrock for St Patrick's Day on Thursday, 17 March. They will sell it to about one Londoner in every 25 . . . The Irish. How many are there? In the 1961 Census there were 131,703 native-born Irish men and women in the old County of London – 42,000 more than in the 1951 Census. The upward trend seems to be continuing, and there are more women than men. Islington might be called London's "Little Eire" with more than 14,000 of both sexes. Wandsworth has 11,000, Kensington, Paddington and Hammersmith 10,000 each, Westminster nearly 5,000, Chelsea nearly 2,000 and Bethnal Green nearly 1,000. Those are the cold statistics. But who are these Irish who have made London their home? CHERRY FARROW (in words) and RUAN O'LOCHLAINN (in pictures) give you their answers.

Eddie collects glasses and bounces in a Hammersmith pub. He is tall and gentle and shy with a sly sense of humour. But it's better to rub shoulders with him in the bar than in a fight. The point about dealing with the Irish, I have been told, is never to ask direct questions, always to circumvent. It's never "where are you from?" it's "what part of Ireland are you from then?" And you've got to have an answer for them, too. It doesn't matter too much what it is so long as it's quick.

Eddie looks down to a faint scar on the end of his nose. "I had a bit of a disagreement" – everything is underplayed. He is paid £3 a night to keep the peace, but when I ask, "How long have you been a bouncer?" he says quickly: "Who told you I was a bouncer – I'm no bouncer."

Kinky is Eddie's favourite word. "That's a kinky suit that is," he says referring to a trouser suit. And as he sees a slip showing, "that's kinky." "Where?" I say. "She pulled it back, because she saw me looking," he lies.

He relaxes enough to tell a story against the Irish. "You know these stories about the Irish being aggressive? Well there was this one drinking in a pub and another man comes up to him and says: 'Would you be having a Guinness?' 'Don't you be telling me what to drink,' says the first. . . ."

The Lynch Boys

Tommy Lynch used to share the job of peacekeeper with Eddie. Now he has moved down the road a bit to another pub, where he is manager/agent and general overseer to West London's Original Country and Western Group, the Lynch Boys. They sing in a pub with an orange lariat noosed across the ceiling. Irish people are very keen on Country and Western style music.

Tommy is a plasterer, but it's no good in the cold weather because the water freezes into ice as soon as you put the plaster on the ceiling and melts again when the warmer weather sets in. So for Tommy, who is a betting man, there's been little money coming in, and about the horses he says: "Don't talk to me about them animals. JEEZEZ!" Somebody at the bar is talking about Beatle George Harrison's recent wedding to Patti Boyd: "That Patti. Huh, she's got a pair of legs on her I wouldn't wish on a spider." At the end of the evening Tommy Lynch clears the pub and says: "Good night, and may the Lord bless you all."

Helping the priest

At Speakers' Corner on a Sunday afternoon, priests from various orders preach on behalf of the Catholic Evidence Guild. One of the most theatrical is a round, friendly, impish-looking man of the Franciscan Order. He is "assisted" by Paddy, who goes there every Sunday not to heckle but to listen.

"I come here for the intellect, you see," says Paddy, "not for enjoyment. Put that down – that's for the intellect." The priest is talking about Catholic persecution. One of the hecklers points to persecution of Protestants in Ireland. "Would the British allow their Queen to remain on the throne if she was a Catholic, that's all I ask?" says the priest. "Ay," says Paddy. "Would the British allow their Queen to remain on the throne if she was a Catholic?" "Be quiet Paddy," says the priest. "Haven't I got my hands full without you butting in?" and snatches the cap off Paddy's head.

"Give me me hat back Holy Father," says Paddy. "You know I get a cold in me head." "Well do you promise to behave yourself then?" Mumbling acquiescence, Paddy promises to be good and the priest gives him his hat back. But this is a performance which is to be repeated through the afternoon.

"Talking about persecution," says an Irishmen in the crowd, "what about Trinity College. What's the Church's opinion on that?" (Catholics who attend Trinity College without a dispensation from Archbishop McQuaid do so at the risk of their immortal soul.) "Now," interrupts Paddy, "I know Ireland, so watch your step before misrepresenting it." "I know Ireland," says a voice in the crowd, "and he's not misrepresenting it."

Paddy shakes a fist. The priest grabs his hat again, and says: "We don't encourage Catholics going to Trinity because it's against the faith and nationality of the Irish. . . ." The whole thing is fraught with politics. Religion and politics are inextricable in any Catholic country. Paddy opens his mouth to speak again. "Paddy," says the priest, "I've got my hands full without your chipping in. . . ."

Balham magnet

On a Sunday night, Irish people from miles around flock to the Aranmore Ballroom in Balham High Street, to listen to the resident show band and to dance the *Ceilidhe*. ("They probably come," says one of the show band, "because there isn't a pub for miles around.") The Aranmore is a vast barn of a place strung with miniature fairy lights across a ceiling which never seems to end. There is a revolving lantern in the middle dotted with different coloured gelatines, royal blue, venetian red and emerald green. But it's so small that the reflection covers only about six square feet of dance floor. Beams across the ceiling are painted, like the walls, in a sort of salmon-pink distemper. And there is a large fan which starts turning automatically once the magical temperature of 65 degrees Farenheit is reached. There is also a large and ungainly gas booster which blows hot air into the place until it reaches that temperature.

The girls are shy and gather in droves outsides the ladies' lavatory, which opens directly off the ballroom (as opposed to the ladies' powder room which opens off reception, but what the difference is goodness only knows). There are very few girls on their own. They gather in twos and threes. The boys lounge also in twos and threes. Carnaby Street hasn't hit the Aranmore yet. It's all dark suits, white shirts and winkle-picker shoes. The boys lean nervously against the bar, which sells soft drinks, fruit cake and ham sand-

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Above: Irishmen meet in a Hammersmith pub. Right: Eddie at the Angel, "I had a bit of a disagreement." Above right: Speaker's Corner another favourite haunt of the London Irish. The priests of various orders have an attentive audience there (far right) on Sunday afternoons.

CATHOL
EVIDENCE
GUILD

THE IRISH IN LONDON

continued

wiches. No alcohol. The boys appear to hunt in packs. They have a sort of instant telepathic communication whereby they can slink away in twos (or threes), circumnavigate the ballroom and arrive back at the bar without having spoken a word to each other. They are highly derisory towards the girls. "Jeezez look at the way they do their hair." "And the way they dress." "They don't know the scene. And look at the way they dance." The boys turn away. "Anyway," says one, "They only come down here to find themselves a Paddy!"

Round the walls of the Aranmore are large oil paintings of Dunloe Gap, Killarney and Ross Castle. Blue mountains and green grass and out-of-proportion figures in the foreground. The resident show band (there's even one that calls itself The Dixielanders – CORK), strikes up a *Ceilidhe* and the floor fills. "Do you see that," says a long-haired boy from Dublin. "In Dublin NOBODY would get up to dance one of them."

It is impossible to say exactly how many Irish there are now living in London. Not only due to the dispensability of the passport, but also because there is a certain type of emigrant who comes back and forth for years. They are mostly older men who work on building sites and reckon that they make enough during the summer months to carry them through a winter at home on their smallholdings. However many do arrive, a heavy percentage will pass through the doors of the Irish Centre in Camden Town.

Camden centre

You walk up the Camden Road, past a block of council flats named Bernard Shaw Court and into Murray Street, and you can't miss the Irish Centre, with its yellow neon sign outside. There are pretty receptionists and smiling fathers and a general atmosphere of rush. The Centre finds emigrants work, rooms, friends and even relations. There's a chapel where daily mass is held, and soon television rooms and a library are to be opened. There are folk nights, social nights, whist-drive nights and cabbage-and-bacon supper party nights. There is a trip to Lourdes at Easter for £23 10s return. And there is a bar. As one partaker pointed out, "The Holy Father thought they might as well be in here drinking as out in the pubs."

There are two welfare officers – an English girl, Tessa Honeywell, and a Dublin girl, Miona Hanly. "We're here," says Miona, "to help those who arrive with no contacts in England." The hostels can put up about 100 people at any one time. The Centre is prepared to accommodate them for £3 15s a week, and for three or four weeks, until the first pay packet comes in. There is also an employment agency within the Centre.

"The main thing," says Miona, "is to discourage them from coming unprepared." Which means without money. Advice from the Centre to intending emigrants is: "Don't, unless you have to." Emigrants arrive mostly on a Monday morning, at Euston, from the Holyhead mail boat. There are priests at the station to meet them. If they have no contacts they are directed to the Irish Centre. (The Catholic Church has an innate fear that the streets of London are paved with Irish girls.)

The wild ones

The Centre can nearly always fix somebody up with a job and accommodation within a morning "provided they're not stupid or something." "But," says Miona, "many of them leave good jobs to come here thinking they're going to make a lot of money. And once they're here they go wild. There's a lot of them need not come. Stick it in somewhere," she says pointing to my notebook, "ONLY IF THEY HAVE TO COME."

Tessa describes the Centre as a clearing house for people who include psychiatric cases, unemployed, alcoholics, epileptics, ex-prisoners and delinquents, expectant mothers and expectant fathers – unmarried or married. Most cases are passed on to organisations which exist solely to cater for their specific problem.

"Then there are the marriage problems," adds Miona. "The priests are very good at those." The majority of emigrants needing help are the 18 to 21's. "There are lots who have run away from home. Somebody might write to us and say: 'My daughter is living with a Greek. Can you see if she's all right.' Really it's awful to have them moping round the place. They're far better off at home."

There is nothing on the Centre's admission form to ask whether you're Catholic or Protestant, and there have been Americans, British Guianians, Scots and West Indians who have all been admitted and helped in the last year. The Centre is financed voluntarily, although the local authority does make it a grant. When I said I thought this far-sighted of them, Miona giggled and said that they would probably be paying it out in National Assistance anyway. "Not that there aren't a few of them on it already," she added. Strains of merriment came from the bar, and the resident group were rounding off the evening playing *There Was a Wild Colonial Boy. . . .*

Whether he likes it or not, Richard Harris conforms to every Englishman's impression of An Irishman. "I was born in Limerick but have adopted Clare as my home because I would rather be born in the heart of the country than in a place which is nothing – a cross between a door and a shutter," he says. "Limerick is 20 miles from Ennes and 50 miles from nowhere. Ennes is the most beautiful place in Ireland. Have you got that? Do you know how to spell it? E double-N, ES.

"Look at that" (he shows his

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Far left: In the early morning at Euston station a newly arrived Irishwoman waits with her baby for her husband to collect her. Left: Father Casey directs immigrants to suitable lodgings. Below: In the Aranmore Ballroom at Balham, "Carnaby Street hasn't hit it yet."

Left: At the Irish Centre in Camden Town which "finds immigrants work, rooms, friends and even relations." Above: One of London's most successful Irishmen, Ronan O'Rahilly, managing director of Radio Caroline.

THE IRISH IN LONDON

continued

arm with scars and burns on it). "Do you see that? Somebody pushed me out of my car last night." I ask: "Are you sure you didn't fall?" "No, it was done deliberately. Do you think I could have said something he didn't like." "Well," I say, "at least you couldn't have been travelling too fast."

"Are you warm? Let's have some air in here." He throws open the windows on an icy winter's day and pads round the room barefoot singing at the top of his voice: "Michelle, Michelle. These are words that go together well, My Michelle." "I knew that *Boots* would get into the hit parade, and I tell you so will the new Tom Jones record. What's it called? *It Takes a Big Man to Cry* – or something."

The English, says Harris, don't like the Irish. And he still has a sign from a house in Earls Court where he went to apply for rooms when he first arrived in London. It says: No Irish or Coloured need apply. "The English don't like the Irish because, apart from the Americans, they were the first people to break away from the Commonwealth successfully, and it snowballed from there," he goes on. "When you have a great culture there is a tendency for that culture to be absorbed. But the Irish have fought and resisted that in their efforts to remain individual. Which is why, if anything, they've become a little over-Irish. It's like the Italians in America – or the British in India, in their half-mast trousers. (You *must* put that down!) There's no getting away from it. The Irish are different. They've got their own culture. They had their own language, which was taken away from them and they've even got their own sports. And they've got this Beckett thing – 'One Minute You're Alive, the Next Minute You Die.' I've got that too. I don't give a hoot."

Pirate king

Ronan O'Rahilly is managing director of Radio Caroline. In his office in Caroline House, Mayfair, there is a wall-size picture of Radio Caroline on one wall, a receiver which insistently thuds out the latest from Radio London (gauging competition in the South) and a bust of President Kennedy. Caroline was named after Kennedy's daughter. O'Rahilly was half-way to New York and everything was swinging and he opened a magazine and saw this picture of this little girl . . . and BANG! O'Rahilly is disconcertingly what you would expect one of his own disc-jockeys to be. Only 25, he is going grey, is extremely good looking and has a soft, almost mid-Atlantic accent, which could be inherited from his mother who lives in the States. Piracy appeals to O'Rahilly, although he's relatively far removed from it in Mayfair.

"I was a teenage rebel," he says of the time when he left Ireland to come and make the grade in films over here. When I point out that all teenagers are rebels he grins and adds quite seriously that Irish rebels are "much more total in their rebellion because of 700 years of British rule."

Emotion's the word

He says that he became interested in pop music when he saw that the British were becoming aware of Emotion. An important O'Rahilly word this . . . emotion. "They've always been terrified of it, even in their own homes," he says. Which seems a bit strong coming from an Irishman. He became involved with pop management when the Rolling Stones used to play down at the Marquee for £6 a night. A pound a head each.

O'Rahilly has all the charm and sincerity in the world as he tries valiantly to assure me that his DJs out there on the ocean waves are coming across as real people. And that in their daily chatter they're dealing with real people's, real everyday problems. "Dylan, The Beatles, Donovan, the words of their songs are related to the teenagers and their problems. It's what young people are all about," he says. He talks a lot about inhibitions, oppressions and coloured people being able to make the best music. He speaks honestly about money: "Of course I'm interested in making money," he says, "because it enables you to do what you want."

"But if the whole operation, complete with seasickness, shipwrecks . . ." he takes a long time to say this because the phone keeps ringing . . . "gives genuine happiness to one person – and it *does* because we get letters from people who write and say that they live alone and they turn the radio on in the morning and they turn on a friend – then, it would be worth it. Well, in financial terms it wouldn't, if you know what I mean, but then it would all be worthwhile. Basically," he adds dreamily, "I'm a revolutionary."

When Patrick Campbell came to London thinking to make his fame and fortune, one of his first jobs was with Lord Beaverbrook. Campbell was told to go and "get" Winston Churchill, "a fearful enemy of the British people and a warmonger what's more."

"They didn't realise," says Campbell sadly, "that they had a soft and delicate person on their hands in my grandfather's grandson. And idle, too."

Campbell has the air of the professional Irishman and admits to being "Irish enough" for his own purposes. Like most other writers he left Ireland for financial reasons. "It is far easier to be idle in London than it is in Ireland," he says – which is almost how he came to arrive in England. He had come over for a holiday, found that for one piece in the *Sunday Dispatch* he was paid almost all of a month's wages from the *Irish Times*, and failed to return to Ireland when his holiday was over.

The prodigal

R M Smyllie, then editor of the *Irish Times*, did write a letter demanding that Campbell pay a year's wages in lieu of notice (which could account for Campbell's stammer?), but never followed it up. Many years later the paper printed an amusing account of how Campbell and Smyllie met again at a reunion dinner.

"Campbell," said the *Irish Times*, "made an entrance of almost Bernhardt quality. . . . He extended his hand and said 'Sir.' It took him nearly five minutes to say it, since he has some minor trouble with his sibilants, but it worked. Smyllie unbent and forgave and soon his prodigal was recalling (still using those arrested sibilants freely to heighten the dramatic effect) the night that the editor had returned to the office from a pompous dinner. 'All souped and fished Sir, and when you sat down in the editorial chair it collapsed under you. I shall never forget your dainty patent-leather shoes and your white gloves waving in the air. . . .' From then on the ice was broken and a pleasant time was had by all."

The *Irish Times* had turned the tables. The piece was written in the Irishman's Diary, which was the column that Campbell wrote before he abandoned Ireland. Campbell doesn't go back to Ireland very often. "I like the names and sounds of Irish places," he says. "Thank God I don't have to BE in that place. But I *did* go to Belfast a short while ago. They were excellent talkers and I had a very nice time. But now, in Dublin, there is a new generation of businessmen arising. They're all about 24 or 25 and completely teetotal – and they horrify me."

Love-hate affair

Brigid Brophy has a real love-hate affair with Ireland. "It's full of books you can't read and those you can't write," she says. "But I am involved with Ireland and can't shake it off. Dublin is a heavenly city being ruined by the Irish, who have never been known for their visual culture. Other than Bath it is *the* most beautiful 18th-century city." Her husband, Michael Levey, an assistant keeper at the National Gallery, had a grandfather who aspired to being a musician and changed his name from O'Shaughnessy to Levey because he thought it would help his career. "It wasn't until after I promised to marry him that I found out he was another bloody Irishman," says Miss Brophy.

There still remains to be found in London a middle-class Irishman. It appears, on the surface, that the Irish are made up of two types, the people who think and those who don't. There are those who have made it, those who are about to make it, and those who never will – groups of hangers-on, would-be writers and actors who have a nasty habit of freeloading at the expense of successful colleagues.

All of them are possessed of a mixture of hard-headedness and soft-heartedness. A hardening of emotional arteries was necessary in the first place for them to leave Ireland, although the move was motivated predominantly by economics. The soft-heartedness is an emotion which makes the more sentimental weep into jars of export Guinness in bars from here to Boston. As G K Chesterton wrote:—

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry
And all their songs are sad.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING UNDERNEATH

To begin with . . . take another look at the front-page cover picture. Yes, it verifies the London Life prediction that the "Viva Maria" feminine look would soon be firmly established, writes Shuna Harwood. It shows how Rosy of Paris have scooped up the rights from the film company to make "Viva" underwear. The cover shows only the bra – in red, green and grey tartan edged with black lace – but there is also a frilly waistslip, pants and suspender belt to match. And we have found plenty more underwear in the same idiom – either with the old-fashioned lacey look or simply pretty, flowery and feminine, like the set below.

retty flowery bra and irdle—two tones of ink on navy. Bra, 2 uineas, girdle £2 9s 11d oth at West End and irmingham branches Neatawear, and to der by post. The rple crepon shirt is John Craig, £2 9s 11d The Yellow Room.

atawear: 328 Oxford eet, W1 (HYD 6477) 78 gent Street, W1 (REG 5668) tal service: 12 Clipstone eet, W1 (LAN 9511) e **Yellow Room,** 42 abeth Street, SW1 O 2607)

Photographs by Peter Akehurst

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING UNDERNEATH

continued

Pretty-pretty bra in pale pink lace. By Rosy, £2 9s 11d at S Weiss. The sweater is duck-egg blue Leacril with purple crocheting around neck and sleeves, 5½ guineas at Roberta, who also have a mail order service.

S Weiss, 59-63 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1821)
Roberta, 94 Golders Green Road, NW11 (SPE 9556)

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING UNDERNEATH

continued

Pretty black and white "Viva" dress (it IS a dress) by Lee Cecil, £5 19s 6d at Harvey Nichols and Gorringes. Garter the stockings in red and black frills and bows, 13s 9d a pair from S Weiss. Gipsy earrings 10s 6d at Harrods.

INSET: Old-fashioned Long Johns for March-wind days, vest to match. Both in Bri-Nylon by Lux Lux, at 12s 6d and 13s 11d respectively from S Weiss.

Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 5000)
Gorringes, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 6666)
S Weiss, 59-63 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1821)
Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (SLO 1234)

Many people need to spend pounds in order to lose pounds . . . and here are some of the slimming experts who will help to get you into trim before the warm weather makes the burden of overweight really depressing.

TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR FEET

IN TOWN

Slendertone, 12 Baker Street, W1 (HUN 4987). Place to go if your flabbiness is due to lack of muscle control rather than sheer overweight. At this salon you simply lie on a couch, and are bound round the slacker parts of your anatomy with tapes and pads that are wired to a small Faradic Muscle Exerciser. Then you are "switched on," and your muscles contract and relax rhythmically 40 times a minute – 1,000 energetic push-ups is apparently the equivalent in muscular effort of half an hour's electrical session.

The treatments at the salon itself cost 9 guineas for six 45-minute sessions, after which you can have lost anything from one to three inches round the various parts of your body that have been exercised.

You can also buy the Slendertone machine, and twitch your muscles into shape while you watch television at home, read a book or even entertain your fascinated friends. Machines cost 72 guineas for one with four outlets (this means you can exercise four different parts of your body at one session) or 49 guineas for the two-outlet kind.

Helena Rubenstein, Grafton Street, W1 (GRO 9050). All-round beauty specialists with a slimming clinic where you can be steamed, pummelled, or coated in volcanic mud in luxurious surroundings. Slimming clinic is under the supervision of physiotherapists who advise on the treatment best suited to each individual – if necessary, in consultation with their medical adviser. They do the usual heat treatments (either steam cabinet or electric blanket which makes you sweat through dry instead of wet heat), and also recommend traxator treatment – – vacuum cupping apparatus which sets up a pumping action over chosen areas of the body and assists in clearing waste products from the lymphatic vessels and draws out excess fluid and fat through the sebaceous glands. Other recommendations are Faradism and the Volcanotherm treatment – a form of curative volcanic mud. Sample charges are: Faradism: six treatments lasting 1½ hours – £18 7s. 6d. Volcanotherm with ankles, hips, thighs, etc; 6 treatments of 1 hour – £12 10s.

Town & Country Health & Beauty Salon, 2 Yeoman's Row, Knightsbridge, SW3 (KNI 7702). One of the first, always the most fashionable, and now one of the last remaining health clubs in the London area, where members range from African princesses to the ordinary London weight-carrier.

They deal with all beauty problems, but specialise in slimming and have about £10,000-worth of equipment at members' disposal. They plan a slimming and beauty treatment to suit each individual's needs, and members are not goaded or herded around like cattle as in some now-extinct clubs.

Fees range from 9 guineas for a month's course (come as often as you like during this time) to 180 guineas for 15 months, with all treatments included. There are also amenities like the Club Health Food Bar, hairdressing salon and dry-skin school.

For ladies only. Hours are from 10 am to 9 pm, Mondays to Fridays.

Beautishape International Ltd, Du Barry House, James Street, W1 (WEL 3711). Twelve years ago this firm started a figure research unit to see which slimming treatments were the most effective. And today they still try out on voluntary "guinea-pigs" any new slimming equipment as it comes on to the market, and if they are pleased with the results it becomes part of the standard salon equipment.

Again this is a salon where every individual is given selected treatment according to her needs, and with clients' co-operation they claim they can almost guarantee she should lose as many pounds/inches as quoted in the first consultation. They will re-analyse their methods if pounds aren't disappearing as quickly as expected. They also say that their physiotherapists and beauticians are trained to act as quack psychiatrists, a figure problem being as much a mental condition as a physical one . . . so you can be pounded and steamed and pour out your troubles to a sympathetic ear all in the atmosphere of sheer luxury.

Sample salon price: course of six treatments which include full body massage by hand, steam bath, Faradic and autoslim treatment, followed by shower – 12½ guineas. (Clients are recommended to come at least twice a week for a minimum of six weeks for treatment to be effective.)

Injection / Diet / Group Analytical Therapy. Harley Street doctor Philip Lebon says that "fatties" fall into four different categories: those who go up a few pounds in weight but can lose them easily with straightforward dieting; those who need badgering, support, pills and supervision before they can sustain a diet; those who become compulsive eaters when they have emotional problems and who need to get to terms with their psychological need to eat before a diet can work successfully; and a fourth group who have literally escaped into fatness as the final solution and adjustment to their emotional problems.

Dr Lebon's treatment is based on minute daily injections of a hormone called chorionic gonadotrophin (a hormone secreted from the placenta during pregnancy) and the patient is put on a strict diet with a fixed ratio of protein-carbohydrate-fat intake.

Group analytical therapy sessions are also provided for patients whose weight problems are psychologically motivated.

Pills and Increased Metabolism Treatment. One of the newer slimming treatments is that devised by a Harley Street doctor whose name, unfortunately, we are not allowed to disclose. His theory is that though a conventional diet might suit some people, there are others whose weight loss depends entirely on their rate of metabolism—i.e. the speed at which the food they eat is burnt up.

Basis of his diet is that you can eat large quantities of the right things (like meat, fish and chicken), but avoid all the slow-burning foods which, besides the usual *verboten* starches like potatoes, bread and puddings include such normally accepted diet-foods as all salad ingredients, all forms of vegetables — both green and root—all forms of fruit that aren't of the citrus variety, and all cheeses.

He charges about 6 guineas for a month's treatment, including price of pills and a weekly visit to his surgery.

IN THE COUNTRY

The Beauty Farm, The Grange, Henlow, Beds (Clifton 269) is one of the fashionable places to go if you wish to spend a few days on a starvation diet and enjoy all the complicated paraphernalia involved in getting pounds off like hot-and-cold sauna bathing, wax baths, solid foam baths, seaweed baths with underwater massage, and paraffin wax baths, where you are encased like a mummy. Not to mention electronic massage and slimming with the latest French, English and American equipment—galvanic, Faradic, sinusoidal and high-frequency machines, G5 vibrators, radiant heat, infra-red, ultra-violet lamps, vacuum cup massage, etc.

Cost is from 35 to 60 guineas depending on the room you want. But treatments are all the same whichever price you pay. You need to book a few weeks in advance.

AT SEA

Slimcruises Ltd, 20 Dering Street, New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 5363). Definitely the most pleasant way to slim is to take a luxury cruise on a ship that is specially staffed with dieticians, masseurs, etc. to encourage you to slim at the same time as you are holidaying. With Slimcruise you fly to Venice, where you join the *Elektra,* which takes you to Crete, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirut, Rhodes, Kusadasi, Piraeus and back to Venice—thence by air back to London perhaps some 13 lb. lighter. The cruise costs from £99—with an extra supplement of £15 if you want to take advantage of the diet meals and the various slimming facilities.

THE ROWING, BICYCLING & STANDING STILL SLIMMING GAME

Or, nine ways of keeping fit and losing weight at home, demonstrated by some members of the junior class at the London Judo Society. Actually, people who do judo don't need machines to keep them fit, as a swift glance at a judo class in action instantly shows. What with Bond and Cathy Gale, judo is a pretty popular activity these days; Mr George Chew, one of the co-founders of this society and a 4th Dan himself, says it is a mental as well as a physical form of discipline, and, pleasing note for parents, courtesy is one of the basics. See the picture above for nine courteous demonstrations of slimming apparatus.

Chinning bar, £5 14s, Selfridges; rowing machine, £35 12s 6d, Harrods; spring grip dumbells, £1 6s 3d a pair, Lillywhites; punchball, 12 guineas, Harrods; slimming apparatus in front of the punchball (you stand on the plate and pull wire springs up and down), £1 4s 6d, Lillywhites; chest expander, £1 14s 5d, Lillywhites; stationary bicycle, £35 12s 6d, Harrods; in the foreground, Adams Trainer, £45, and weight-lifting apparatus, £1 15s, both from Harrods.

The London Judo Society, 32 St Oswald's Place, Kennington Lane, SE11, REL 5082 (does not, unfortunately for hopeful Avenger girls, hold classes for women).

The things London girls do for money - part two. SUSAN LYDON this week explores the curious world of . . .

THE ODD-JOB GIRLS

Trisha Locke with The Who: "I must have faith

The personal columns of *The Times* abound in advertisements like this: "Young well-educated girl, seeks interesting job, will do anything legal." The girls who advertise in this way hope to find something completely out of the ordinary, "the kind of job," one says, "that people never dream of getting because they don't even know it exists."

In fact, few of these jobs *do* exist, and the personal notices elicit few responses. When they fail, the girls will sometimes find their way to one of the companies that also advertise willingness to do "anything legal." One such company is Trumps. It used to be called Anything for Anyone, but the name was taken too literally and had to be changed. "Our very first telephone call," says one of the company's directors, "was from a German. He said, 'I will tell you straight away; I want a girl to go to bed with me.' When you call yourselves Anything for Anyone, you get a lot of strange requests."

Now Trumps says it will deal with *almost* any request. Eighty per cent. of the calls they get are for quite ordinary things – household services or temporary domestic help. The rest could be for anything from a secondhand harp without strings to a tenor for a choir. Trumps has 18 girls on its books – who are sent out on jobs the directors cannot do themselves – and one full-time girl employee.

She is Norma Forster, aged 22, a seemingly languid blonde with a husky voice and the Barbra Streisand look. She makes £14 a week as Trumps' Girl Friday, but she does the job for love, not money. "I used to make more – up to £20 a week – as a temporary secretary, but I hated it so much that in the end I hardly ever worked. Then I heard about this. It sounded interesting, quite fun, doing *anything*. I don't think I could do any one thing all the time and not be bored to death. Here I worked as a char once. It was *terrible*, but I knew I would be doing something different the next day, so I stood it."

An Englishman's home . . .

Problems Limited is another of the personal service agencies. Its slogan is *"An Englishman's home is his . . . problem,"* and it specialises in relieving the homeowner's burden, providing plumbers, electricians, and the like. But it also handles problems "of every type, description, magnitude and strangeness," says Garran Patterson, who started and runs Problems.

"Unfortunately," Patterson says, "most of the girls who come here looking for work are disastrously untalented. There are a lot of boring girls who wander in, giggle, and say, 'Oh, I'd like something interesting to do,' but who can't really do anything. Then there's the odd debbie type who thinks it would be sweet to do some work. We don't hire them. The girls we *do* hire are girls with a real skill or talent, who want to work hard, but also want the freedom of an afternoon in an art gallery."

Sarah Leigh, aged 23, has been working for Problems since a leaflet was dropped through her door. "I didn't need anything done, but I thought it sounded intriguing." She was studying for a law exam and couldn't have a regular job, "but I like to work, and it's ideal for me just to be called when something needs to be done." She has done dog-sitting, baby-sitting, shopped for presents ("It was lovely signing all those huge bills in Harrods and knowing you were spending someone else's money"), cooked for a man with a broken leg, and found a skull with green eyes. "Once someone rang up Problems asking for help for a child at school. It took me ages. I had to look up poetry that no one had ever heard of, and when I'd finished I went round for days with all this bad, dreadful poetry repeating itself in my head."

Tara McCarthy, aged 25, a freelance journalist, also works for Problems. "Once you've been freelance, the freedom bug bites, and it would have to be a pretty attractive staff job for you to take it," she says. "But you never know where the money will come from – and that's where the crazy jobs come in."

Neurotic poodles

Her "crazy jobs" have been as serious as the rehabilitation of a mental patient and as frivolous as sitting up with a poodle. "Poodles, of course, are the only dogs that you have to sit for. Their personalities are so developed that some of them can't stand to be left alone."

Some girls have enough personal contacts so that they never have to sign up with a company or search out odd jobs. Trisha Locke, aged 24, knows "everyone in Chelsea and when they know one isn't doing anything in particular, they just ring up with a job that has to be done," she says.

in the people I work with."

"For a few years I mucked about, doing *everything*. I waitressed, was a disc jockey in a discothèque, sold clothes in Jaeger and for Mary Quant, did film-extra work, sound-track dubbing in Rome and interior decorating."

Then a friend asked her to do publicity for Caroline Charles. "I was frightened to death, because I didn't know what I was meant to do, but then I found I could work completely from my own ideas. Along with that I did some publicity for Peter Finch and my sister Susan's boutique. I'd been doing things all along for The Who because I believed in them. Then I found I was so busy with odd-jobs I hadn't enough time to devote to any one thing. I decided I must have roots instead of just leaping around."

She began working full-time for New Action, a company run by Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp, who manage The Who and The Merseybeats. "One feels the world is so phoney, but then there are these wonderful young people in the pop world. I feel tremendous scope here. The Who are fascinating. You could never stop being interested in what they're thinking and feeling, and it's vital to be happy with the people you work for. I always seem to end up working for friends, because for me, the most important thing is to have complete faith in the people I work with, to know that they'd do anything for me and to believe totally in what they're doing."

One company set up specifically to provide odd-jobs is Undergraduate Tours. It was founded in 1958 by an Oxford and a Cambridge undergraduate to give work to students during the Long Vacation and to satisfy the demand for knowledgeable guides to take well-educated tourists around. They have about 20 girls who guide for them, all undergraduates or recent graduates.

Sylvia Dunscombe, aged 27, an Oxford graduate and former airline stewardess, has been working for them for almost a year. She takes tourists, in her own car, on excursions around London, on shopping trips, or does specialised tours for professors of literature, history, or architecture. She has started a public relations company in Bournemouth, and does guiding to provide working capital for it. For a full week, she can make £23 and car expenses.

"I thought of doing this as a summer job originally, but I liked it so much I plan to stay for a long time. It seemed like airline hostessing, with academic overtones. I'm basically interested in England, and in history, and I find this is one of the few jobs where one really learns a lot while working. You have a change of scene, people and subjects all the time."

Selling by glamour

These are qualities which any girl would find attractive in a job. Probably the most common way of finding them in London is to do demonstrating and in-store promotions; what C. Ulysses Williams, director of Demonstrators Ltd., calls "sales through glamour." Demonstrators has about 3,000 girls on its books, whom it sends out to stock the Earls Court and Olympia Exhibitions and to do "personality promotions." These are the girls who wear bikinis one week, ski clothes the next, or who ride round on motor-scooters in the summer dressed as milkmaids to publicise dairy products.

According to Williams, who started his company nine years ago, demonstrating used to pay more than office jobs, but now pays the same or a bit less. Girls can make £12 to £18 working at an exhibition for a week, or £10 to £11 for an easy demonstration. Demonstrators supplies interpreters, lecturers, hostesses ("We've been trying not to use that word for eight years, but what else can you call a girl who serves tea or drinks?"), and occasionally guests for business parties.

Many of the women on its books are housewives with children in boarding school ("We keep more small boys in public school than any other company in London," says Mr Williams), many are "girls who don't want, or need financially, to take a permanent job but who like to do something interesting." Many are debutants. When Demonstrators sent girls to the summer meeting at Epsom to distribute and sell the commemorative magazine, one girl "kept asking if she could go home in daddy's Rolls every day. She had to stay like the rest of the girls." But by and large the demonstrators are "models and attractive girls who will work their heads off because they like the variety and they like the work."

Never made money

One of its girls is Coral Shorland, aged 25. She was born in Devonshire and has been working for Demonstrators since she came to London four years ago. "I never wanted a steady job," she says. "When I lived in Chichester I had a home-made-cake shop and antique store. Of course I never made any money, but it was so rewarding." She came to London after a long engagement broke up. "It had never occurred to me that I might not get married, so I had no training. It was probably better – I don't think you keep an open mind if you're trained to do one thing – but I was totally unprepared to do any job. I had heard about demonstrating and I thought I'd hire myself out to anyone who needed someone to do promotions for a short time.

"I couldn't bear a job where you can't see the end of it. I like to work very very hard, but I like a day off, too, and I like knowing you're going to be doing a different thing next week. Working for people on promotions or exhibitions is terribly rewarding.

"You never know what you're doing next – that's fabulous, and you don't work the same hours day in and day out. I never like to go back on a job that I've done before, though you always hope they'll ask you back. You learn a lot as well. When you're up on a stand you have to be able to pick out the people in a crowd who will be interested in your exhibit – and that ability comes. You learn about the different products, and for yourself you learn to be more poised and confident. But the best thing about it is that it's the only job I can think of that has this variety."

Janie Snowden, aged 21, does demonstrating at exhibitions freelance and through the Mollie Dixon Agency. "I did a secretarial course and even had one job, but I was never much good at it. Then I was desperate for a job and a friend suggested I do this."

Since then she has done selling, public relations, been a receptionist, poured drinks, given out catalogues and "just stood there smiling."

"Sometimes you know they have you up there to be attractive and draw the customers. I enjoy that. You rather play up to it." She will work usually six days a week on varied eight-hour shifts and make about £22. "I like working from 1 to 9.30 at night, going out afterwards, and having a good lie-in in the morning."

Sense of changing

One of the perquisites that demonstrators get are the clothes they have to wear in the exhibitions. If they're hired costumes, they go back, but when dresses are made for the girls they keep them. "And," Janie says, "in this job you have the sense of changing. You never feel as though you're sitting in one place and watching the world pass by. The only trouble with it is that it isn't very satisfying to one's intelligence; you use common sense, but not intelligence. I don't have any particular talent, so exhibitions are ideal for me. Most of the girls there, like myself, are trying to fill in time until they find out properly what they want to do. Now it's marvellous, but I don't think I could do it for ever."

NEXT WEEK: THE ENTERPRISING GIRLS WHO START THEIR OWN BUSINESSES

EXPERTS ON THEIR SUBJECTS

BEING A JOCKEY BY DUNCAN KEITH

Duncan Keith with his four-year-old son Neil

Believe it or not I started with carthorses. Not racing them though. There was an old stable in the next street where I lived in Glasgow and every spare moment I had I was up there helping to rub down the horses and feed them lumps of sugar. It's difficult to explain why I became so interested in horses. Maybe it's because they are like humans, without the human's less likeable traits.

Anyway, when I was only nine years old I decided I had to spend my life with them and I persuaded my parents to let me go into show jumping. When I was 15 I wrote to Ted Smyth at Epsom for a job and he took me on as an apprentice. Two weeks after I arrived I got my first ride in public. Luckily he was an old horse and knew his way around. All I had to do was sit on him. I think we came seventh in a field of eight. But nobody was more surprised than me than I didn't fall off at the start.

I was an apprentice for six years, during which I earned 10s a week pocket money until I was 20, and £1 for the last year. This didn't leave much for riotous living, so for six years I literally lived a horse's life. When you finish your apprenticeship, if you are lucky an owner offers you a retainer to ride for him. I was lucky. Mr Nightingall offered me one and I have been with him ever since. Now I earn rather more than 10s a week. In fact I have a very nice house near Epsom and two cars and some people might think we earn far too much considering all we have to do is sit on a horse for a minute or two four times a day.

Needless to say there is more to it than that. Three mornings a week I have to be up at 6.30 am to meet the horses on the Downs and ride two or three in gallops. I'm home in time to change and have a very light breakfast and then off to the racecourse. Very often I ride at meetings six days a week, then I am off to Scandinavia some weekends to ride there. Sometimes I fly over to Paris to ride in one race on a Sunday.

How do you make a horse win a race? It depends entirely on your judgment of the horse's character. Most horses can do everything bar talk, and you can normally tell after a few rides what sort of horse you have got. Some like to be "covered up" – that means it likes the cover of the other horses in a race. They get nervous if they see the front too soon. If they get to the front they think they've finished and stop. The technique here is to keep the horse tucked in behind the leaders and then let it go in the last 100 yards

The Whip

On the other hand some don't like being crowded by other horses and you have to keep them to the outside. If you haven't ridden a horse before the trainer will normally tell you all its little ways and how he wants you to ride it. Some horses don't like the whip so you have to make sure it doesn't see a whip.

Incidentally, a lot of people see racing on television and think we are cruel to horses with our whips. In fact I can assure you we never hurt them. What you see is the jockey waving his whip in rhythm with the horse. A flap on the end of the whip makes a crack but doesn't touch the horse. It merely has a psychological effect and makes it go a little faster.

In some races you find a horse going off at six furlong pace in a one and a half mile race. You know it can't possibly last at that pace and you just wait for it to come back to you. You follow until the last furlong and take the lead off him. People often ask me what I am thinking about during a race. I can tell you all I think about is keeping out of trouble.

Some horses you find are so highly strung you can't do anything with them. All you can do is talk quietly to them – keep talking all the time. It starts listening to you and forgets any ideas it had about bolting. You know when it is listening because its ears cock up. Other horses give you brilliant rides. You could put a baby on them and they would win. But whatever sort of horse you have got you can't win a race without it. . . .

THE WEEK AHEAD

GALLERIES

What is the stylistic difference between your tie and my tie and his tie? Can you name it or do you expect someone else to name it for you before you buy it? It can be the same with pictures, sculptures, styles in general and in vogue. Labelling art can lead to laziness: people want to be told in one word and quickly the difference between Bridget Riley and Michael Kidner or between Noland (K) and Nolan (S). This week Keith Sutton complains that people want to be told but not to know. Apart from that he points out the most interesting exhibitions in London from a birthday offering to Kokoschka (*see above*) to something more way out at the Hanover. More about art and artists on page 52

BOOKS

Three novelists with formidable reputations, in different fields, publish new books: Monica Dickens a novel about a widow of 80, Stan Barstow a sequel to his first novel, *A Kind of Loving*, and Truman Capote a new and controversial book he calls "a non-fiction novel." For more about books see Carol d'Albiac's selection on page 50

THEATRE

While London still waits for the definitive musical of 1966 (will it be *Funny Girl? On the Level? Grimaldi? Jorrocks?*) first-nighters will have to settle for Antonio and his Spanish Dance Company who open at the Cambridge Theatre this week. They last appeared in London during the festival of international dancing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The programme is a mixture of classical Spanish ballet, traditional heel-tapping and dramatic works – Antonio usually inserts extracts from de Falla's sinister *El Amor Brujo*. Review of *Arsenic & Old Lace* and complete theatre guide on page 44

DISCS

Dave Clark's new single *Try Too Hard* is to be released by EMI on 11 March and is produced by Dave, who co-wrote the "A" side with Mike Smith. It's a very up-tempo number with some excellent vocal and instrumental work. Dave's own choice of LPs appears on page 58 . . . Herb Alpert will be arriving in London on that day to do a couple of shows for BBC and he will be appearing with The Black & White Minstrels and at the Odeon Hammersmith before his return. High in the US charts at the moment is his recording of *Tijuana Taxi* which Pye are releasing here . . . American GI Barry Sadler, just returned from Vietnam, has his single *Ballad of* there . . . and on page 58 Leonard Levesley writes about James Brown (*below*), the exciting American singer whose reputation as a breaker of chairs and other handy stage equipment – *during his act* – has earned him a stormy reputation

NIGHT OUT

This night out is most suitable for the weekend

7.30 pm Drinks at The Master Gunner in Paternoster Square, built up to St Paul's

8.30 pm Eat at the Good Friends (or the New Friends) in Salmon Lane, Stepney – great Chinese cuisine

10 pm Try some dockland pubs: The Ironbridge, where Queenie Watts belts out authentic jazz; or The City Arms, for friendly clientele and Phyl and Terry's witty, if risqué, drag act

11.30 pm Call off at Tubby Isaac's whelk stall near Aldgate East underground station for whelks, saveloys, prawns, hot tea

12.30 pm Finish off a hot, noisy, sweaty evening at the Café des Artistes in Redcliffe Gardens (corner of Fulham Road)

3 am Why not finish reading *Peyton Place* – the most in-demand book at most of London's libraries just now

FILMS

Ronald Searle's little hooligans, the pupils of St Trinians, make a comeback this week in Launder & Gilliat's *The Great St Trinians Train Robbery* with Frankie Howerd, George Cole and Dora Bryan. . . . The film opens at Studio One on 11 March. . . . If there is justice in Hollywood Anne Bancroft should get her second Oscar for her performance in *The Slender Thread*, a story of a woman driven to suicide. Opens at the Plaza Piccadilly Circus on 10 March. . . . This week marks the 1966 Royal Film Performance at the Odeon Leicester Square on 14 March. The film selected is *Born Free*, based on Joy Adamson's ubiquitous story of raising a lioness.

SPORT

Only once in every generation do you get a racehorse like this. Yet Arkle (*below*) does not hail from a particularly startling strain, which only makes his continual victories all the more fantastic: his total winnings to date amount to £61,000. Perhaps, therefore, some sort of truth lies in the remark: "champions are born in heaven," exemplified by Arkle's trainer, Tom Dreaper. More about Arkle on page 60

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THEATRE

Ah, we clever children of the '60s, with our sick jokes and black comedies. Consider Joseph Kesselring who, in 1941, wrote a play called *Arsenic and Old Lace*. It was built round a single, superb joke – two sweet old ladies murder lonely old men and bury them in the cellar. "It's part of our charity work," they explain.

Now here's a gag that would keep any contemporary dram-artist happy for three acts at least – think about the slender foundation of the interminable *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*. But not Mr Kesselring. On to his basic idea he adds: (a) the vicar's daughter joke, (b) the stupid policeman joke, (c) the Boris Karloff joke, (d) the drama critic joke, (e) the gangster joke, and (f) the harmless insanity joke. This I call value.

Arsenic and Old Lace is on view again at the cosy Vaudeville Theatre, but the only part that still works is the central gag about the two sweet old ladies who . . . the rest creaks, and lacks laughs.

This is not through want of

In the spring Michael Codron will be presenting two comedies: The Anniversary, featuring Sheila Hancock and There's a Girl in my Soup, featuring Barbara Ferris

spirit in performance, especially from the hard-working Richard Briers, the coolly interesting beauty of Julia Lockwood; nor the butch number hammed merrily by Neil McCarthy, or the joy of seeing little Martin Miller in the same part he played in the original.

The play dates, that's the trouble; it is probably fortuitous that the main thought is still potent. But even were it not, the playing of Dame Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler would revive it. Here is, simply, the greatest double act around. With Sybil in heliotrope and Athene in pale blue or both in full mourning fig, fluttering or peeved, it is total enchantment when they appear. And this effect is not just because they are both famous ladies; the playing is lithe and sharp and possesses comic point from which performers 40 (or 50?) years their junior could study.

Nevertheless this production does ease my midnight hours, when I tend to worry about all the plays that were once great hits but which will never be revived unless they become classics or contain superb acting vehicles. It comforts me to know for sure that *Arsenic and Old Lace* isn't so marvellous after all. Maybe I can stop brooding over *Distinguished Gathering, Ma's Bit o' Brass* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

j roger baker

WEST END

openings

Th 10 Mar: **ANTONIO & HIS SPANISH DANCE COMPANY WITH ROSARIO.** Cambridge. Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). First night: 7.0. Subsequently: 8.0. Th: 2.45. Sat: 5.0, 8.20

current

AD-LIB, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Revue. Dirs: George Mulley, Leon Gluckman. Harmonica, raconteur & comedy vocalist. Cast: Larry Adler, Libby Morris. 8.30 (ends 10.30). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0), 9.0 (ends 11.0). Opened 2 Feb 1966

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruikshank, Colin Gordon, Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 5 Aug 1965

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BABES IN THE WOOD, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45); 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Mildred Natwick, Kurt Kasznav. Young-married troubles, Broadway style. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

THE BEAVER COAT, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by William Rowlinson. Dir: Robert Chetweyn. Cast: Peggy Mount, John Moffatt, Russell Waters. 6.0, 8.40

BESET BY WOMEN, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Adapted by John McAlpine from Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*. (Production originally entitled *The Exploits of Tom Jones*). Dir: Jordan Lawrence. Cast: Keith Barron, Virginia Stride. 8.0. W & Sat: 6.0, 8.50

BEYOND THE FRINGE, 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material now has almost an historical interest, 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Frances, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances only cease for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

BOEING – BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962.

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh & Margaret Williams. Music & lyrics by David Heneker & John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

CHASE ME COMRADE, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and Choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spellbinder but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HOW'S THE WORLD . . . TREATING YOU? Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Most "in" comedy of the season. Cast: Patrica Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

INCIDENT AT VICHY, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Nazi persecution of the Jews in individual terms. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

A LILY IN LITTLE INDIA, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Donald Howarth. Dir: Donald Howarth. Tender study in loneliness. Cast: Jill Bennett, Jessie Evans, Ian McKellen. 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 10.30). W: 3.0 (ends 5.0). Opened 20 Jan 1966

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30), 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

THE OWL & THE PUSSYCAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3215). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl verses intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 10.30). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, June Bronhill, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse & Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct 1965

A SMASHING DAY, New Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Alan Plater. Dir: John Fernald. Cast: Jenny Laird, Hywell Bennett, Basil Dignam, Michael Blackham. 8.0 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.15); 8.30 (ends 10.15). Opened 16 Feb 1966. Ends 12 Mar

SON OF OBLOMOV, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad. Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan – and there's a play buried somewhere too. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers & Hammerstein). Book: Lindsay & Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background, sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends

Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler plot murder in the revival of "Arsenic & Old Lace" at the Vaudeville. Review opposite

10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square (SLO 1745). Th 10, F 11 Mar: SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE by John Arden. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Iain Cuthbertson, Frances Cuka, Sebastian Shaw, Ronald Pickup, John Castle, Victor Henry, Richard Butler, Roger Booth, Joe Greig. 7.30 (ends 10.45)

Sat 12, M 14, T 15 Mar: THE PERFORMING GIANT by Keith Johnstone. Dirs: William Gaskill, Keith Johnstone. Cast: Bernard Gallagher, Lucy Fleming, Roger Booth, Roddy Maud-Roxby, Joe Greig, David Leland, John Shepherd, William Stewart, Dennis Waterman. 7.30. Sat only: 3.0

W 16 Mar: A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE by Thomas Middleton. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Ronald Pickup, Tony Selby, John Castle, Barbara Ferris, Frances Cuka, Gillian Martell, Christopher Benjamin, Victor Henry, etc. 7.30 (ends 9.35)

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 10, Sat 12, T 15 Mar: MISS JULIE & BLACK COMEDY. MISS JULIE by August Strindberg, translated from the Swedish by Michael Turner. Dir: Michael Elliott. Cast: Albert Finney, Maggie Smith, Jeanne Watts. BLACK COMEDY by Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Doris Hare, Derek Jacobi, Ronald Pickup, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith. 7.30. Th & Sat only: 2.15

F 11 Mar: THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Wynne Clark, Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Louise Purnell, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid. 7.30 (ends 10.35)

W 16 Mar: OTHELLO by Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith. John Stride. 7.30 (ends 10.40)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre (TEM 6404). Th 10 Mar: HAMLET by Shakespeare Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Janet Suzman, Tony Church, Charles Thomas, Donald Burton, John Bell, James Laurenson, Paul Hardwick, Michael Pennington, Charles Kay, David Waller 7.30 (ends 11.15). Last performance

F 11 Mar: THE HOMECOMING by Harold Pinter. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Rogers, Ian Holm, John Normington, Terence Rigby, Vivien Merchant, Michael Bryant. 7.30 (ends 9.35). Last performance Sat 12 Mar: THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR by Gogol. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Scofield, Eric Porter, Paul Rogers, Brewster Mason, Paul Hardwick, David Waller, David Warner, Tim Wylton, Charles Kay, Patience Collier, Patsy Byrne. 2.30 (ends 5.0), 7.30 (ends 10.0). Last performance

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE, with Robert Eddison. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SOUL. Sat 12 Mar: 3.0 (ends 4.0), 5.0 (ends 6.0). Sun 13 Mar: 3.0 (ends 4.0). Matinee for very young children, Sat 12 Mar: 11.0 (ends midday). T 15 Mar: 7.30 (ends 8.30). Adults 5s 6d. Children 4s

LITTLE THEATRE CLUB, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (COV 0660). SHADOW OF A GUNMAN. Th 10, Sat 12 Mar: 8.0

MOUNTVIEW THEATRE CLUB, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). HOBSON'S CHOICE. M 14-W 16 Mar: 7.45

PLAYERS THEATRE, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS. Th 10-Sat 12 Mar: 9.0 (ends 11.0). M 14 & T 15 Mar: 8.0 (ends 10.0). W 16 Mar: 9.0 (ends 11.0)

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). GO BACK FOR MURDER. Th 10, F 11 Mar: 7.45. Sat 12 Mar: 5.0, 8.0. M 14-W 16 Mar: 7.45

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). LILAC TIME. Th 10 Mar: 2.30, 8.0. F 11 Mar: 8.0. Sat 12 Mar: 5.0, 8.15

NEW THEATRE, High Street, Bromley (RAV 6677). WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, with Fred Jackson, Michael McStay. 7.45. Th only: 2.30. Sat only: 5.15, 8.0

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond Surrey (RIC 0088). THE WINSLOW BOY. Th 10 & F 11 Mar: 7.45. Sat 12 Mar: 5.30, 8.15. LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS. M 14-W 16 Mar: 7.45

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor (WK 61107). LOVE FROM LIZ, with Heather Chasen. Th 10 Mar: 7.30. F 11 Mar: 8.0. Sat 12 Mar: 4.45, 8.0. M 14 & W 16 Mar: 7.30. T 15 Mar: 8.0

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Guildford (Guildford 60191). MACBETH. Th 10 Mar: 2.30, 7.30. F 11 Mar: 7.30. Sat 12 Mar: 2.30, 7.30. THE DOOR, with Heather Sears & Margaretta Scott. T 15 & W 16 Mar: 7.45

FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Jules et Jim. 2 Bunny Lake is Missing. 3 The Slender Thread. 4 The Householder. 5 The Spy Who Came in from the Cold

Apprehension clouds the curiosity one feels towards a film record of a 48-minute telephone call, punctuated only by flashbacks to illustrate the subscriber's past.

But, working with this static material, director Sydney Pollack has beaten Sidney Lumet on his own ground in *The Slender Thread* (a) which opens at the Plaza Piccadilly Circus today.

Sidney Poitier plays a student volunteer at an American crisis clinic who receives a *cri de coeur* from a woman (Anne Bancroft, *right*) who has taken an overdose of barbiturates, yet refuses to reveal her whereabouts. Pollack orchestrates their conversation beautifully, and is helped immensely by Stirling Silliphant's moving screenplay.

The use of flashbacks is here wholly valid and slowly, painfully they bring the woman's disturbance to the surface. The settlement of a will reveals suddenly to the religiously bigoted husband that 11 years of marriage have been a lie: he is not the father of the child he calls son. He debates lengthily whether it would be ethically correct to continue the marriage in which he was deceived, while the domestic strains and pressures begin to unbalance his wife.

Joseph Losey's controversial "Eve," plagued by censorship to the point where the director wanted his credit removed, will be shown for the first time in an uncut English version at the National Film Theatre on 8, 9, 10 and 12 April.

The crisis hours are perceptively drawn – a day made unexpectedly idle by her boss's failure to return from a ski-ing holiday, her son's natural preference for a ball game rather than an involved conversation on a topic of which he is ignorant; the doctor, interrupted at lunch, who misgauges her distress and spares too little time with her; the death of a wounded bird on the foreshore and her mixture of grief and anger as she pours the brandy to revive it over an improvised grave.

The hinge of the drama is the race to locate her before the drugs take final effect, and the camera makes great play with the unusual settings (the mechanical tracing of the call and Miss Bancroft's mesmerised stroll through a cold terrain of hostile architecture).

Miss Bancroft richly deserves her Oscar nomination while Mr Poitier (whose part is little more than a cipher) plays with that expert self-effacement that only a first-rate actor could afford to indulge.

david castell

OPENING

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min.) *Odeon Leicester Sq.* WHI 6111. Royal Film Performance of 1966 (14 Mar). Open to the public from 15 Mar

THE GREAT ST TRINIANS TRAIN ROBBERY (U). Ronald Searle's little monsters unusually subdued under Frank Launder's direction. Plenty of comic invention in Frankie Howerd's performance: for the most part the script plays for maximum security conditions. (Dora Bryan, George Cole. Col. 93 min.) *Studio One Oxford St.* GER 3300. Opens 11 Mar

THE SLENDER THREAD (A). Sidney Poitier plays a voluntary worker in a crisis clinic who holds a suicidal woman on the telephone while police and telephone engineers work frantically to trace her before the drugs she has swallowed take final effect. Anne Bancroft gives a magnificent performance as the caller. (Dir: Sydney Pollack. 98 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. Opens 10 Mar. 1.30, 3.45, 6.0, 8.20 (Sat: 11.15 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.20, 7.40

WEST END

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villian. But the real heroes are the giant tanks, ploughing their way through the countryside. Magnificent. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton St,* W1 GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING (X). Does Bunny Lake exist? Preminger applies a rather heavy hand to suspense. A distinguished international cast, including a brilliant sketch of a dotty schoolmarm (Martita Hunt), and an outstanding performance by Carol Lynley. As an exploration of mental derangement it fails lamentably. Nevertheless it is enjoyable and stylish with quite striking photography of the London locations. (Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Noël Coward. 107 min.) *Odeon Leicester Sq.* WHI 6111. 1.40, 4.5, 6.30, 9.0. (Sat: 11.0 pm.) Sun: 3.30, 5.58, 8.25. Ends 13 Mar

DOCTOR IN CLOVER (A). More medical romping from the producer-director team of Betty Box and Ralph Thomas in the sixth of the series, from Richard Gordon's novels. Having established itself as a social institution, it no longer has to even try to be funny. James Robertson Justice now attacks Sir Lancelot Spratt with a practised gusto. (Leslie Phillips, Shirley Anne Field, Fenella Fielding, John Fraser. Col. 101 min.) *Leicester Sq Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.5 (Sat: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.5 (ends 3 Mar)

GOLDFINGER (A). Sex, sadism, suspense. Guy Hamilton has perfected the Fleming formula and transformed it into a tongue-in-cheek burlesque. Sean Connery, more than usually whimsical, finds himself shackled to an atom bomb in Fort Knox. Judo-expert Honor Blackman makes an appearance, and that Aston Martin. (Shirley Eaton, Gert Frobe. Col. 109 min.) *Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 3.10, 8.40. Sat: 2.40, 5.40, 8.40. Sun: 5.10, 8.40

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis the spoof hero. Blake Edwards' feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely provides conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Rd.* GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

HOLIDAY IN SPAIN (U). Cinerama travelogue threaded through with a comedy-thriller story. (Denholm Elliott, Peter Laurie, Paul Lucas, Diana Dors. Dir: Jack Cardiff. Col. Cinerama.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.15, 8.30, 11.45. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

THE HOUSEHOLDER (U). American director James Ivory casts a highly personal eye on the foibles of Indian middle-class life, from a story and screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabuala. Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu play a young couple struggling to reconcile themselves to marital responsibilities. A gentle satire directed at times with some uncertainty. (India-dubbed. 100 min.) *La Continentale Tottenham Ct Rd.* MUS 4193. 2.15, 5.35, 8.50. Sun: 5.40, 8.50. With: *My Home is Copacabana* (U). 12.40, 4.0, 7.15. Sun: 4.10, 7.20

JULES ET JIM (X). Based on the novel by Henri-Pierre Roche, the story begins just before the First World War, and traces the development of the relationships between Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) and her lovers Jules (Oskar Werner) and Jim (Henri Serre). Truffaut, perhaps the most talented of the young French directors, has an instinctive feeling for the cinema. (Showing with Agnès Varda's exquisite but facile *Le Bonheur.*) (France, sub-titled. 105 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Ct Rd.* MUS 8150. 12.40, 4.0, 7.20. Sun: 4.0, 7.20. *Le Bonheur.* 2.35, 5.55, 9.15. Sun: 5.55, 9.15

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to *8½*, this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Giulietta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves as insubstantial as the apparitions themselves. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy One.* GER 2981. 1.45, 3.30, 6.20, 9.15. Sun: 5.40, 8.35. And *Academy Two.* GER 5129. Oxford St, W1. 12.15, 3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.10, 8.5

LIFE AT THE TOP (X). The sequel to *Room at the Top.* Having married the mill-owner's daughter, Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey) has settled down to a prosperous, provinicial life. Amid a collection of extraordinary stereotypes Jean Simmons gives a splendid performance. The direction is frankly commercial. (Honor Blackman, Michael Craig. 117 min.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Av.* REG 5414. 1.34, 3.54, 6.14, 8.39. (Sat: 11.19 pm.) Sun: 3.40, 6.9, 8.39

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner & Loewe musical by George Cukor with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Sq,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.15. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

NO QUESTIONS ON SATURDAY (U). A Franco-Israeli production, directed by Alex Joffé, abounding in Jewish gags and whimsy. It tells the story of an old man's attempts to attain Heaven and presents Robert Hirsch with the opportunity to demonstrate his versatility by playing not only the old man, but most of the members of his family. But not even he can inject any life into this stilted charade. (Rina Ganov, Dahlia Friedland. France/Israel. 106 min.) *Cameo-Poly Upper Regent St.* LAN 1744. 1.55, 4.10, 6.25, 8.50. Sun: 4.0, 6.25, 8.45

ONE SPY TOO MANY (A). That man from UNCLE again. This time Napoleon conquers Alexander who, appropriately enough, was aiming to conquer the world. The preposterous gimmickery includes a "will gas," a human chess game and a bottomless pit. All in the out-Bonding-Bond tradition, with Messrs Vaughn and McCallum riding again. Joseph Sergeant directs. (Rip Torn, Dorothy Provine, Leo G Carroll. Col. 101 min.) *Ritz Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. 1.50, 4.10, 6.40, 9.0. (Sat: 11.38 pm.) Sun: 3.50, 6.10, 8.40

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickery, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint, in pursuit of the criminal conspiracy of Galaxy who seek to control the weather. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 148 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.32, 3.58, 6.24, 8.52. (Sat: 11.50 pm.) Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.50

LE PETIT SOLDAT (X). Jean-Luc Godard's second feature, made in 1960, during the Algerian war. Using a clinical, documentary technique within the form of a political thriller, Godard explores the theme of violence. Michel Subor is a typically non-committed Godard hero, and Anna Karina makes her first appearance. With photography by Coutard, it is visually superb and exciting, but this is counterbalanced by a pretentious, often infuriating intellectualism. (Anna Karina, Michael Subor. 88 min.) *Academy Cinema Club,* Oxford Street. GER 8819. 6.0, 8.30. Sat & Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Ct Rd,* WI. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 2.30, 8.0

SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD (A). Based on John le Carré's best-seller of the bread-and-butter world of espionage. Martin Ritt's direction, while faithful in a large measure to the book, is at times confusing to the uninitiated. Richard Burton is the resolutely if not desperately down-at-heel Leamas, and Claire Bloom his earnest Communist girl-friend. (Oskar Werner. 112 min.) *Studio One Oxford St.* GER 2300. 2.45, 6.0, 8.55. Sun: 3.5, 5.50, 8.35. (No admittance after the film has started.) Ends 10 Mar

TABU (X). Yet another dose of *voyeur* anthropology. A varied assortment of sexual and sadistic customs throughout the world, with a pronounced emphasis on exploitability. Vincent Price gives the narration. *Cameo-Royal Charing Cross Rd.* WHI 6915. 11.40, 2.5, 4.25, 6.50, 9.10. Sun: 2.50, 5.20, 7.55. With: *The Reluctant Nudist.* 10.40, 1.5, 3.30, 5.55, 8.15. Sun: 2.50, 5.20, 7.55. F & Sat: 10.50

THOMAS L'IMPOSTEUR (A). Franju's hauntingly evocative adaptation of Cocteau's novel of the First World War – a vision of surrealist fantasy. Fabrice Rouleau plays Thomas, for whom war is an elaborate game of make-believe, and Emmanuele Riva a dilettante princess. Showing with *Paris Vu Par,* six short stories set in six different quarters of Paris, by the directors Chabrol, Douchet, Godard, Pollet, Rohmer and Rouch. (France. 94 min.) *Paris-Pullman Drayton Gardens.* FRE 5898. 5.40, 9.20. Sun: 6.0, 9.20. *Paris Vu Par.* 4.10, 7.40. Sun: 4.10, 7.50. (Sat only: Pgm 10.30)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. Luciana Paluzzi is the alluring SPECTRE agent and Claudine Auger one of Bond's more memorable conquests. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion Piccadilly Circus,* W1. GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40. (Sat: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40. *Rialto Coventry St,* W1. GER 3488. 12.40, 3.5, 5.40, 8.15. Sun: 2.45, 5.20, 7.55

WEST SIDE STORY (A). Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins move *Romeo & Juliet* to the New York tenement area and collect 10 Oscars in the process. Natalie Wood's expertly dubbed Maria, the athletic choreography and Bernstein's score distinguish it with only the gear-crashing change from genuine locations to studio interiors to the deficit. (Richard Beymer, Rita Moreno, Russ Tamblyn, George Chakiris. Col. 153 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre,* Leicester Place. GER 8181. 2.15, 5.10, 8.10. (Fri & Sat: 11.5 pm.) Sun: 1.55, 4.50, 7.50

WHERE THE SPIES ARE (A). Yet another spy-melodrama, directed by Val Guest and with a stylish screenplay by Guest and Wolf Mankowitz. David Niven plays a stuffy, slightly dotty, English doctor who is pressed into Middle-Eastern espionage. Françoise Dorléac is a luscious double-dealer with a great sense of fun. (Col. 113 min.) *Empire Leicester Sq.* GER 1234. 1.35, 4.0, 6.30, 8.55. (Sat: 11.25 pm.) Sun: 3.35, 6.0, 8.30

GENERAL RELEASE

(† *Second feature varies:* * *Sunday programmes differ*)

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: **BLINDFOLD** (U) **Bus Riley's Back in Town** (A).

James Stewart as the ageing pilot whose plane crashes in "Flight of the Phoenix"

From Sun: FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX (A). A plane crashes in the desert. There emerge an alcoholic (Richard Attenborough), a stiff-upper-lip British Captain (Peter Finch), and an ageing pilot (James Stewart), somewhat lost. Lips crack as characters clash beside the sand dunes. Directed by Robert Aldrich, it might increase ice-cream sales. (Hardy Kruger, Ernest Borgnine, Christian Marquand, Dan Duryea. Col. 140 min.)

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
†**Chelsea** Odeon
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edgware Road Odeon
Edmonton Regal
Forest Gate Odeon
†**Hackney** Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
†**Hendon** Odeon
Highgate Odeon
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
*Kensal Rise Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
*King's Cross Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
Muswell Hill Odeon
Park Royal Odeon
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Southgate Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon
Swiss Cottage Odeon (Not Tues 15 March; Stage)
Temple Fortune Odeon
*Walham Green ABC (from Mon.)
†**Walthamstow** Granada
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon
Wood Green Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: **RASPUTIN—THE MAD MONK** (X) **The Reptile** (X)

Sophia Loren as a concentration camp survivor bent on vengeance in "Judith"

From Sun: JUDITH (A). Based on the story by Lawrence Durrell, Daniel Mann's film gives Sophia Loren the unlikely role of an Austrian Jewess who, having survived Dachau, comes to Israel to track down her former Nazi husband who betrayed her. Jack Hawkins is a British major and Peter Finch a *kibbutz* leader. A hollow, unconvincing piece. (Col. 109 min.) With: Apache Uprising (U).

Barnet Essoldo
*Bayswater ABC
Bowes Park Ritz
†**Camden Town** Plaza
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Essex Road ABC
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
Harringay ABC
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo
*King's Cross Century
Leyton ABC
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Shepherd's Bush Essoldo
Stoke Newington ABC
Stratford ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Walford Essoldo (Until Sat: The L-Shaped Room (X). Live Now, Pay Later (A)
Whalebone Lane Odeon (Until Sat: Calamity Jane (U). Carry On, Constable (U)
Wembley ABC

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING** (X) **Arizona Raiders** (A)

Claudia Cardinale – chorus girl turned amateur detective – in the spoof spy thriller "Blindfold"

From Sun: BLINDFOLD (U). The latest addition to the spy cycle presents Rock Hudson as a bewildered psychiatrist and Claudia Cardinale as the husky-voiced sister of a kidnapped scientist. Brave FBI agents; counterfeit ones; a prolonged chase in Southern swamplands – complete with alligators and comic mule. Generally enjoyable – except when director Philip Dunne tries to ape Hitchcock on his own ground. (Col. 100 min.) With: Bus Riley's Back in Town (A).

Balham Odeon
Brentwood Odeon (Until Sat: Thunderball (A))
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon (Wed. only: An Evening with the Royal Ballet (U)
Camberwell Odeon
Croydon Odeon
*Deptford Odeon
East Dulwich Odeon
†**Greenwich** Granada (Until Sat: Thunderball (A). Bingo—Fri. 11 Mar. and Wed. 16 Mar.)
Lewisham Odeon
Morden Odeon
Old Kent Road Astoria
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon (Thurs 10 Mar. only "Der Rosenkavalier")
†**Richmond** Odeon
South Norwood Odeon
Streatham Odeon
†**Sydenham** Granada (Until Sat: Thunderball (A)
†**Thornton Heath** Granada (Until Sat: Thunderball (A)
†**Tooting** Granada (Until Sat: Thunderball (A)
†**Wandsworth Road** Granada (Until Sat: Thunderball (A). Bingo—Mon. 14 Mar. and Wed. 16 Mar.)
Well Hall Odeon
Wimbledon Odeon

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: **ONE SPY TOO MANY** (A) **Your Cheatin' Heart** (U)

Christopher Lee as Rasputin and Barbara Shelley in "Rasputin – The Mad Monk"

From Sun: RASPUTIN—THE MAD MONK (X). Trotsky was supposed to have said of Rasputin's murder that it was carried out in the manner of a movie scenario designed for people of bad taste. Hammer, however, do not take up the challenge: the film is artificial and the script dull, though Christopher Lee gives one of his best Hammer performances as the evil genius. (Barbara Shelley, Richard Pasco. Dir: Don Sharp. Col. 91 min.) With: The Reptile (X).

Balham Ritz
Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
Clapham Junction Imperial (Until Sat: Bunny Lake is Missing (X). Arizona Raiders (A))
Croydon ABC
*Crystal Palace Granada
Elephant & Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Peckham Odeon
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

ADVENTURE

Brixton Classic. Until Sat: The Mongols (A). Jack Palance, Anita Ekberg. With: Slightly Scarlet (A)
★ **Camberwell Grand.** From Mon: Revenge of Spartacus (U). Roger Browne. With: Man from Bitter Ridge (U)
★ **Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** Until Sat: The Long Ships (A). Richard Widmark. With: Feast of Fun (U)
★ **Paddington Essoldo.** From Mon: Rome in Flames (U). Carl Mohner, Ida Galli. With: Machine Gun Kelly (A)
★ **St Pancras Tolmer.** Until Sat: The Sundowners (U). Robert Mitchum, Peter Ustinov. With: Stowaway in the Sky (U)
Stoke Newington Coliseum. Until Sat: Balboa (U). Frank Latimore. With: Incognito (U)
★ **Victoria Biograph.** From Mon: Five weeks in a Balloon (U). Red Buttons, Fabian. With: Three Coins in a Fountain (U)

COMEDIES

Baker St Classic. From Sun: The Farmer take a Wife (U). Betty Grable, Dale Robertson
Belmont Essoldo. Until Sat: Doctor in the House (U). Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. With: Genevieve (U)
Highams Park Regal. Until Sat: What's New Pussycat? (X). Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers
Notting Hill Classic. Fri 11 March only: 11.15 pm: Hallelujah the Hills (A). Peter H. Beard
Praed St Classic. Until Sat: Four for Texas (A). Frank Sinatra. With: Hell is for Heroes (A)
Putney Globe. Until Sat: Doctor in the House (U). Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. With: Genevieve (U)
★ **St Pancras Tolmer.** From Mon: What a Crazy World (A). Joe Brown. With: Taggart (A)
Waterloo Station Classic. From Sun: Who's got the Action? (A). Dean Martin, Lana Turner

DRAMA

Baker St Classic. Fri. 11 March only: 11.15 pm: The Lady with the Little Dog (U). Alexei Batalou
Charing Cross Road Jacey. Fanny Hill (A). Lalicia Roman, Miriam Hopkins
Chelsea Classic. Until Sat: (Late Show Sat: 11.30 pm): The Cardinal (A). Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. From Sun: The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (X). Ernesto Alonzo, Ariadne Welter
Ealing Walpole. From Sun: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
★ **Edmonton Granada.** From Mon: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
★ **Finchley Gaumont.** From Mon: Judith (A). With: The Holy Terror (U)
Finchley Rex. Until Sat: War & Peace (U). Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda
Finsbury Park Astoria. From Sun: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
Great Windmill Street Cameo-Moulin. The Naked World of Harrison Marks (A). With: We're wrestling tonight (U)
Hackney Essoldo. From Sun: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
★ **Hammersmith Broadway.** Until Sat: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
Hampstead Everyman. From Mon: The Organiser (A). Marcello Mastroianni, Annie Girardot. Until Sun: Peter & Pavla (A). Ladislav Jakim.
Haverstock Hill Odeon. Until Sat: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A). From Sun: Judith (A). With: Nobody Waved Goodbye (A)
Hendon Gala. From Sun: The Knack (X). Rita Tushingham, Ray Brooks. With: Bread, Love & Jealousy (X)
Hendon Gaumont. Until Sat: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A). From Sun: Julius Caesar (U). Marlon Brando, James Mason
Kilburn Classic. From Sun: Splendour in the Grass (X). Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty. With: Return of a Stranger (A)
★ **Kilburn Grange.** From Mon: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
Lewisham Rex. From Mon: The L-Shaped Room (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. With: Live now, pay later (A)
Marble Arch Jacey. Fanny Hill (A). Lalicia Roman, Miriam Hopkins
Notting Hill Classic. Until Sat: The Servant (X). Dirk Bogarde, James Fox. (Late Show Sat: 11.15 pm). From Sun: War & Peace (U). Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda
Notting Hill Gaumont. Until Sat: Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow (X). Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. With: Wives & Lovers (X). From Sun: The Flight of the Phoenix (A). James Stewart, Richard Attenborough, Peter Finch
Oxford Street Cinephone. Men & Women (X). Norma Benguel, Mario Benvenuti
Piccadilly Jacey. The Gentle Art of Seduction (X). Jean Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac
Praed Street Classic. From Sun: Mein Kampf (X). With: Camp on Blood Island (X)
Queensbury Essoldo. From Sun: The Reward (A). Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux. With: The Earth Dies Screaming (X)
Raynes Park Rialto. Until Sat: Peyton Place (A). Lana Turner, Hope Lange
Richmond Gaumont. From Sun: Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow (X). Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. With: Wives & Lovers (X)
★ **Stepney Essoldo.** From Mon: The Wild Affair (A). Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas. With: The Pleasure Girls (X)
Tooting Astoria. Until Sat: Bunny Lake is Missing (X). Carol Lynley, Laurence Olivier. With: Arizona Raiders (A). From Sun: Peyton Place (A). Lana Turner
Tooting Bec Classic. Until Sat: The Magnificent Ambersons (U). Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter. With: Pimpernel Smith (U). From Sun: Mondo Cane (X). With: Hell to Eternity (X)
Victoria Cameo. Room at the Top (X). Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret

HORROR

Acton Granada. Until Sat: Rasputin – The Mad Monk (X). Christopher Lee, Barbara Shelley. With: The Reptile (X)
Croydon Classic. From Sun: House of Frankenstein (X). Boris Karloff, J. Carrol Naish. With: Son of Dracula (A)
Dalston Classic. From Sun: The Vampire Bat (X). Melvyn Douglas, Lionel Atwill. With: The Devil Bat (A)
Ealing Walpole. Until Sat: House of Wax (X). Frank Lovejoy, Vincent Price. With: Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X)
Edmonton Granada. Until Sat: Rasputin – The Mad Monk (X). Christopher Lee, Barbara Shelley. With: The Reptile (X). (Wrestling Thurs 10 Mar)
Finsbury Park Astoria. Until Sat: Godzilla v the Thing (X). Akira Takarada, Yuriko Hoshi. With: The Time Travellers (X)
Hampstead Classic. Until Sat: Rasputin – The Mad Monk (X). Christopher Lee, Barbara Shelley. With: The Reptile (X)
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. Until Sat: House on Haunted Hill (X). With: Frankenstein 1970 (X)
Kilburn Classic. Until Sat: Frankenstein (X). Boris Karloff. With: House of Dracula (X)
★ **Kilburn Grange.** Until Sat: House of Wax (X). Frank Lovejoy, Vincent Price. With: Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X)
★ **Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** From Mon: From Earth to Moon (U). Joseph Cotton, George Sanders. With: Enchanted Island (U)
Poplar Essoldo. Until Sat: Rasputin – The Mad Monk (X). Christopher Lee, Barbara Shelley. With: The Reptile (X). From Sun: Devils of Darkness (X). William Sylvester, Tracy Reed. With: This Shocking World (X)
Stoke Newington Coliseum. From Sun: Phantom of the Opera (X). Herbert Lom, Heather Sears. With: Hunchback of Notre Dame (A)
★ **Tottenham Palace.** Mon: Teenage Frankenstein (X). Whit Bissel, Phyllis Coates. With: Horror (X). Tues: I Married a Werewolf (X). Barbara Lass, Carl Schell. With: The Screaming Skull (X). Wed: Day the World Ended (X). Richard Denning, Lori Nelson. With: The Spectre (X)

MUSICALS

Baker Street Classic. Until Sat: Jolson Sings Again (U). Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.
Golders Green Ionic. From Sun: Gigi (A). Leslie Caron, Louis Jordan, Maurice Chevalier. With: High Society (A)
Queensbury Essoldo. Until Sat: West Side Story (A). Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer
Stockwell Classic. Until Sat: Wild in the Country (A). Elvis Presley, Hope Lange. With: East of Sudan (U)
★ **Victoria Biograph.** Until Sat: Tea for Two (U). Doris Day, Gordon McRae. With: Bikini Beach (U)

THRILLERS

Acton Granada. From Sun: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery
Belmont Essoldo. From Sun: The Nanny (X). Bette Davis, Jill Bennett. With: Waltz of the Toreadors (X)
★ **Brixton Granada.** Until Sat: From Russia With Love (A). Dr. No (A). From Mon: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery
★ **Camberwell Grand.** Until Sat: Licensed to Kill (A). Tom Adams, John Arnatt. With: The Invincible Masked Rider (U).
Chelsea Essoldo. Until Sat: Licensed to Kill (A). Tom Adams, John Arnatt. With: The Invincible Masked Rider (U). From Sun: Secret Paris (X). Curse and the Coffin (X)
★ **Clapham Granada.** Until Sat: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery. From Mon: One Spy too Many (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. With: Your Cheatin' Heart (U)
★ **East Ham Granada.** Until Sat: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery. From Mon: Batman (U)
Finchley Gaumont. Until Sat: Blindfold (U). Rock Hudson. With: Bus Riley's Back in Town (A)
Finchley Rex. From Sun: One Spy too Many (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. With: Your Cheatin' Heart (U)
Golders Green Ionic. Until Sat: The Ipcress File (A). Michael Caine, Susan Lloyd. With: The Grass is Greener (A)
Hammersmith Broadway. From Mon: Secret Paris (X). With: Curse and the Coffin (X)
Harringay Curzon. From Sun: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery
★ **Harrow Road Prince of Wales.** From Mon: To Trap a Spy (A). Robert Vaughn, Lucaina Paluzzi. With: The Password is Courage (U)
Hayes Essoldo. Until Sat: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery. From Sun: One Spy too Many (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. With: Your Cheatin' Heart (U)
Higham Park Regal. From Sun: The Spy who came in from the Cold (A). Richard Burton, Claire Bloom
Lewisham Rex. Until Sat: One Spy too Many (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. With: Your Cheatin' Heart (U)
Leytonstone Rialto. Until Sat: One Spy Too Many (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. With: Your Cheatin' Heart (U)
Putney Globe. From Sun: From Russia With Love (A). Dr. No (A). Sean Connery
Raynes Park Rialto. From Sun: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery
Richmond Gaumont. Until Sat: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery
Stockwell Classic. From Sun: Charade (A). Audrey Hepburn, Cary Grant. With: Five to One (A)
★ **Southfields Plaza.** From Mon: Thunderball (A). Sean Connery
Tottenham Palace. Until Sat: Blindfold (U). Rock Hudson, Claudia Cardinale. With: Bus Riley's Back in Town (A)

WAR

Brixton Classic. From Sun: The Quick & the Dead (A). Larry Mann, Victor French. With: The 5th Battalion (U)
Croydon Classic. All Quiet on the Western Front (A). Lew Ayres, Slim Summerville. With: Blitz on Britain (U)
Dalston Classic. Until Sat: The Hunters (A). Robert Mitchum, Richard Egan. With: Young Fury (A)
Hampstead Classic. From Sun: King Rat (A). George Segal, Tom Courtenay
Hendon Gala: Until Sat: Von Ryan's Express (U). Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard. With: Young Guns of Texas (U)
★ **Southfields Plaza.** Until Sat: The Dambusters (U). Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave. With: Carry on Constable (U)

WESTERNS

Hackney Essoldo. Until Sat: Apache's Last Battle (U). Lex Barker, Pierre Brice. With: Abbott & Costello meet the Invisible Man (U)
Harringay Curzon. Until Sat: The Man who Shot Liberty Valance (U). James Stewart, John Wayne. With: Who's minding the Store (U)
★ **Paddington Essoldo.** Until Sat: The Raiders (U). Robert Culp, Brian Keith. With: Hell Bent for Leather (U)
★ **Stepney Essoldo.** Until Sat: Day of the Badmen (A). With: Whistle down the Wind (U)
Waterloo Station Classic. Until Sat: The Magnificent Seven (U). Yul Brynner, Horst Buchholz

CINEMA CLUBS

National Film Theatre, Waterloo Bridge, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3232). **No Smoking. All foreign films sub-titled or with ear phone commentary.**
Th 10 Mar: Blind Date. 6.15, 8.30
F 11 Mar: French Cancan. 6.15, 8.30
Sat 12 Mar: Film Workshop. Admission free. 10 am. French Cancan. 6.15, 8.30
Sun 13 Mar: The Criminal. 4.0, 6.15, 8.30
M 14 Mar: The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. 6.15, 8.30
T 15 Mar: British Film Academy Awards Short List. Normal times or approx
W 16 Mar: British Film Academy Awards Short List. Normal times or approx
Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 7777)
Th 10 Mar, 3 days: On the Town. 7.30, 10.50. With: Lifeboat. 9.10
Sun 15 Mar, 4 days: Bedtime Story. 8.0, 10.30. Sun: 8.30

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 In Cold Blood by Truman Capote. 2 The Watchers on the Shore by Stan Barstow. 3 The Room Upstairs by Monica Dickens. 4 Totempole by Sanford Friedman. 5 Rogue's Progress edited by John Bradley.

This week, Michael Joseph publishes a sequel to Stan Barstow's *A Kind of Loving*. Called *The Watchers on the Shore*, it shows Vic and Ingrid after three years of marriage, he dissatisfied still, but in a different way. He is offered a job in another part of the country; she refuses to go, and he has an affair with another girl. "One of the tragedies inherent in the first story," says Stan Barstow, "was that there was room for a great deal of development in his life but not in hers. To him experience is like throwing a stone into a pool, ripples come to the surface; to her it is a thread which just gets longer the longer she lives."

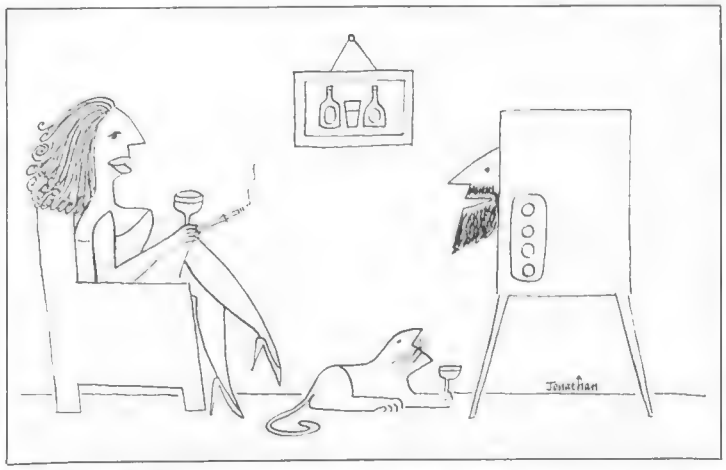
It took Stan Barstow five years to decide to write a sequel. He did so because he found that there was considerable disagreement about whether the end of *A Kind of Loving* was optimistic or pessimistic. Will it make another successful film? Mr Barstow is not sure: "I was delighted with the film, but they did consciously to some extent leave out Vic's particular potentialities for development, to make him pretty much like any other decent lad from the provinces, to identify him with a greater number of people. Besides, they're all making costume pictures now, and spy thrillers."

At the end of June, Peter Owen will publish "The Journals of Anais Nin." She was a close friend of Henry Miller and this is a portrait of her childhood and the artistic life of the '30s.

In 1960 the trend was for opening up the provinces, and it was something relatively new for a working-class man to want to write. All Stan Barstow's books have been set in the West Riding, where he lives, and are about working-class people.

Two homosexual books of note are also published this week. *Totempole* by Sanford Friedman (Anthony Blond), perhaps one of the most detailed and obsessive accounts of the making and imaginings of a homosexual ever written, and Bryan Magee's *One in Twenty* (Secker & Warburg), a study of homosexuality in men and women which pleads, not for social approval "that would be too unrealistic" but for acceptance, indifference and tolerance. Reverting to Stan Barstow, he says he believes in the heterosexual kind of love: "relationships of involvement, and where there is always the possibility of the perpetuation of the species and the replenishment of the earth."

carole d'albiac



"This is BBC Television" crooned Ferdinand. One of Jonathan Clement's illustrations for his "New Readers Begin Elsewhere" (Frewin, 18s).

Stan Barstow, whose fourth novel will be published this week.

NOVELS

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS by Monica Dickens. A portrait of an old woman, a widow of 80, and the housekeeper she is finally persuaded to employ to look after her, insisting that she is her own companion. The first housekeeper drinks, so she is replaced by Dorothy, who loves practical jokes, dressing up, herb recipes, and ruling the house like a tyrant from the upstairs room. The old lady has an accident, an old and ineffectual brother, a grandson who has just married, and an overpowering hatred for the road which has ruined the peace of the old farmhouse she promised her father never to leave. Heinemann, 14 Mar, 21s

TOTEMPOLE by Sanford Friedman. The story of a man's obsessively erotic evolution – from childhood, as part of the close family unit, mother, father (who quarrel) and brother (who bullies), through camp where he adores a 19-year-old camp supervisor whom he helps build a totempole, sensual imaginings prompted by the sea and all animals, to college where an attempt to have an affair with a girl throws him into the arms of a tormented homosexuality, and finally, to Korea, where he finds peace of mind and physical fulfilment with a prisoner of war. Anthony Blond, 14 Mar, 30s

IN COLD BLOOD by Truman Capote. Subtitled. "A true account of a multiple murder and its consequences." The story of the lives and deaths of six people: the four members of the Clutter family who were savagely murdered in Kansas in 1959 by a gun held a few inches from their faces, and of the two men who were finally hanged for the crime in 1965. This, Capote's ninth published book, claims to be "a serious new literary form, the Non-Fiction Novel." Hamish Hamilton, 14 Mar, 25s

COOL HAND LUKE by Donn Pearce. Luke started life as Lloyd Jackson, war hero. He became a parking meter bandit, was sentenced to two years' hard labour with a Florida road gang. Under appalling conditions, he always "plays it with a cool hand" – keeps the gang's hopes alive by playing the banjo, escaping, eating 50 eggs at a time. Only by killing him can the camp bosses conquer him. Secker & Warburg, 14 Mar, 21s

THE SECOND STONE by Leslie Fiedler. Americans in Rome – Bohemians, intellectuals, innocents, fanatics; a pregnant woman, two men who were boyhood friends, all married and away from home. Satire, but at the same time the author calls it "a love story." First full-length fiction work from a critic who has become a controversial author. Heinemann, 14 Mar, 30s

A DROP OF PATIENCE by William Melvin Kelley. The story of a Negro jazz player who has been blind since birth. He spent 11 years in a home for handicapped children; at 16 joined a band as a trumpeter. He marries his landlady's daughter, then meets and falls in love with a white girl who is still a student and who refuses to marry him because of the problem of the children of a mixed marriage. He has several nervous breakdowns, finally meets a coloured girl and learns that patience is his only solution. Published by Hutchinson, 14 Mar, 25s

THE OLD TRADE OF KILLING by John Harris. Men who fought the war together in the Western Desert return to look for treasure after 20 years. They find that greed has replaced their idealism. Ingredients include a pretty American girl, an Arab sheik, one idealistic youth, treachery and murder. Published by Hutchinson, 14 Mar, 25s

THE STATESMAN'S GAME by James Aldridge. Rupert Royce, rich, a shipping magnate, English, a good husband and father, hero and spy. Decorated in Russia, where he falls in love with a Russian girl, he is suspected by the British Intelligence of having been brainwashed. Admiral Lille, head of British Intelligence, tries to use his Russian girlfriend as a lever against him. He and his wife end up in China. Published by Hamish Hamilton on 14 Mar, 25s

SALISBURY PLAIN by H C Branson. Historical novel about a crucial campaign in the American Civil War. It opens with a small battle, closes with a big one. A detailed account of the war and its rivalries as seen by a staff officer. Published by Gollancz on 14 Mar, 25s

THE FIRST THUNDER by Vian Smith. Dartmoor in the 1870s. A stranger arrives at a farm and offers himself as a labourer. He turns out to be a Union organiser to rally the workers against their masters, organises a strike, and falls in love with the farm owner's daughter. Published by Peter Davies on 14 Mar, 25s

BIOGRAPHY

BRUCE OF MELBOURNE, Man of Two Worlds by Cecil Edwards. The two worlds are Australia and England, the biography is of the Australian Prime Minister whose government remained in power from 1923 for a record number of years. His story is set against the Australian and international political scenes before, during and after the Second World War. He became Australian High Commissioner in London in 1933, President of the League of Nations Council, and Chairman of the British Finance Corporation for Industry. Published by Heinemann on 14 Mar, 63s

ROGUE'S PROGRESS. An autobiography of "Lord Chief Baron" Nicholson, edited by John [illegible] Bradley. The story of Renton Nicholson, self-styled "Lord Chief Baron," rascal, cheat, lecher, hypocrite of the 19th-century. He was a pawnbroker's assistant, frequented the famous gaming houses of the period, mixed with burglars, prostitutes, old clothes dealers and cardsharps. Published by Longmans on 14 Mar, 30s

SELF-CREATIONS: Thirteen Im personalities by Thomas Morgan. 13 profiles of famous people, including Edward Kennedy, Sammy Davis, Nelson Rockefeller, by the journalist who wrote: "I want the whole Truth. They want to be Beautiful. I pre tend that I think they are beautiful. They pretend they are telling me the truth... Published by Michael Joseph 10 Mar, 30s

SOCIOLOGY

ONE IN TWENTY: a study by Brian Magee of homosexuality in men and women. The pro ducer of television programmes on such subjects as family marriage, unemployment, old age divorce, prostitution, drug Lesbianism and homosexuality aims to explain, not condemn. Wha is it, what causes it, what do the do, the differences between hom sexuals and heterosexuals, and the law. Published by Secker and War burg, 14 Mar, 21s

MUSIC

When Pierre Boulez conducted the British première of his longest work, *Pli Selon Pli*, at Edinburgh last year, reaction could be described as well - disposed bafflement.

Next Wednesday (16 March) *Pli Selon Pli* will make its first appearance in London, again conducted by the composer, and some of us will have a chance to check our second reactions. That is, assuming the work remains substantially what we heard at Edinburgh. Boulez is one of those contemporary composers who seldom declare a work "finished"; he is constantly withdrawing, revising, and reissuing. The five movements of *Pli Selon Pli* (not originally connected) were written over eight years; only two have been published, and even these have been changed.

According to the full title, *Pli Selon Pli* (it means literally "Fold upon fold") is a portrait of the French poet, Mallarmé. Not, it appears, of the poet himself; nor even of his poetry; but of the *idea* behind the poetry. At this rarefied level, the connection between music and literary inspiration becomes decidedly tenuous, especially as Boulez fragments Mallarmé's verse so much that it is difficult to follow even with the text in front of you. The orchestra he prescribes must be the most exotic ever assembled. It includes, besides strings, wind, and a soprano, two xylophones, two vibraphones, amplified guitars, three harps tuned a quarter-tone apart, and glistening chunks of metal called "plate bells" which imprison the player in a cage like a circular boxing-ring.

Pierre Boulez, the composer and exponent of ultra-modern music, will accompany Sir John Barbirolli and the BBC Symphony Orchestra when they visit Moscow later this year.

Boulez himself is a dark, compact, magnetic man of 41 who, one feels, would have succeeded in any sphere. Originally a mathematician, he has become composer, pianist, impresario and a brilliant conductor (he is highly esteemed by the BBC Symphony Orchestra with whom he now has a strong connection).

To newcomers approaching the many-hued impressionism of *Pli Selon Pli* he advises: "Listen first to the sonorities." This is hardly enough. Recent musical history has been a series of withdrawals. Stravinsky stultified melody; Schoenberg removed the key system; the "moderns" are busy abandoning rhythm. Perhaps we may glimpse the bones beneath the opulent flesh of *Pli Selon Pli* next Wednesday.

richard last

Yonty Solomon (left), 28-year-old pianist has a recital at the Wigmore Hall on 17 March. Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos (right) conducts the New Philharmonia at the Festival Hall on 13 March.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SW1 (WAT 3191). Th 10 Mar: Mozart, Brahms, Bartók. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: John Pritchard. Soloist: Andor Foldes, piano. 8.0 F 11 Mar: The Merry Wives of Windsor (U), London première of Nicolai's comic opera. Principals: Norman Foster, Mildred Millet, Colette Boky, Igor Gorin. The Zagreb Symphony Orchestra. 8.0. Sat 12 Mar: Folk Song Concert: Julie Felix and others. 8.0. Sun 13 Mar: Requiem, Verdi. New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor: Rafaël Frühbeck de Burgos. Soloists: Gwyneth Jones, Christa Ludwig, Carlo Cossutta, Giovanni Foiana. 7.30. T 15 Mar: The Creation, Haydn. London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. Conductor: Antal Dorati. Soloists: Elizabeth Harwood, Elisabeth Holden, John Shirley-Quirk. 8.0. W 16 Mar: Mallarmé poems by Ravel, Debussy, Boulez. BBC Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Pierre Boulez. Soloists: Dorothy Dorow (soprano), Halina Lukomska (soprano), Maria Bergmann (piano). 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 8212). F 11 Mar: Festival of American Country Music. 8.0. (See page 20.) Sun 13 Mar: Tchaikovsky, Gershwin, Dvorak, Ravel. Pro Arte Orchestra. Conductor: John Carewe. Soloists: Edmond Rosenfeld, Larry Adler. 7.30. T 15 Mar: St Patrick's Festival: Brendan O'Dowda, The Bunratty Singers (Co Clare), Gallowglass Ceili Band, South London Girl Pipers. Bowler Troup of Irish Dancers. 8.0

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High St, W8 (WES 1852). Th 10 Mar: Mendelssohn, Bruch, Gershwin, Mozart. London Academic Orchestra. Conductor: Roy Wales. 8.0. M 14 Mar: Benda, Mozart, Rossini, Haydn. English Chamber. Conducted from the piano by Ida Krehm. 8.0

CAMDEN TOWN HALL, Euston Rd, NW1. Th 10 Mar: Arnell, Tippett, Bach, Ives, Horovitz (1st perf. Jazz Harpsichord Concerto). Philomusica of London. Conductor: Joseph Horovitz. Soloist: George Malcolm (harpsichord). 7.30. F 11 Mar: Duke Ellington, Gershwin, Kern, Wolf, Schubert, etc. Cleo Laine and Johnny Dankworth. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). F 11 Mar: Mozart. English Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Daniel Barenboim. Soloists: Vladimir Ashkenazy, Daniel Barenboim. 7.45

DUKES HALL, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Rd, NW1. T 15 Mar: London Senior Orchestra. 8.0

ODEON CINEMA, Swiss Cottage (PRI 3424). T 15 Mar: Chagrin (1st perf of symphony), Khatchaturian, Tchaikovsky. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductors: Moshe Atzmon, Francis Chagrin. Soloist: Pnina Salzman. 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Covent Garden WC2 (COV 1066). Th 10 Mar: Napoli Divertissement, Helsted and Paulli/Bournonville; Flower Festival at Genzano, Helsted/Bournonville; Monotones, Satie/Ashton; Card Game, Stravinsky/Cranko; Brandenburg Nos 2 & 4, Bach/Cranko. Conductor: Young. Principals: Page, Lorrayne, Park, MacLeary, Usher. 7.30. Sat 12 Mar: Romeo and Juliet, Prokofiev/MacMillan. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Fonteyn, Nureyev. 7.30. W 16 Mar: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petira. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Fonteyn, Nureyev. 7.30

GOLDER'S GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). T 15 & W 16 Mar: The Nutcracker, Tchaikovsky/Lichine. Conductor: Aubrey Bowman. Festival Ballet Company. 8.0

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 11 Mar: Parsifal, Wagner (in German). Conductor: Kempe. Principals: Shuard, Vickers, Frick. 6.0 M 14 Mar: The Tales of Hoffman, Offenbach. Conductor: Loughran. Principals: Morell, Lanigan. T 15 Mar: Parsifal, Wagner (in German). Conductor: Kempe. Principals: Shuard, Vickers, Frick. 6.0

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Av, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 10 Mar: Cinderella, Rossini (revival). Conductor: Balwill. 7.30. F 11 Mar: Faust, Gounod. Conductor: Braithwaite. 7.30. Sat 12 Mar: La Bohème, Puccini. Conductor: Bernardi. 7.30. T 15 Mar: Cinderella, Rossini. Conductor: Balkwill. 7.30

CAMDEN TOWN HALL, Euston Rd, NW1. T 15 & W 16 Mar: Il Corsaro, Verdi. Conductor: Leslie Head. 7.30

RECITALS

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 10 Mar: John Barstow (piano). 1.5. Celia Arieli (piano), Sybil Michelow (contralto), Geoffrey Parsons (piano). 7.30. W 16 Mar: Elizabethan, Irish, contemporary harp music with folk songs, Grainne Yeats (soprano with harp). 7.30

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SW1 (WAT 3191). Sun 13 Mar: Elaine Skorodin (violin), Ernest Lush (piano). 3.0. W 16 Mar: Helmut Walcha (organ). 5.55

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 10 Mar: Jeanne Demessieux (organ). 7.45

BURGH HOUSE, Well Walk, NW3. Th 10 Mar: Mozart, Lennox Berkeley, Schubert. Nemet Piano Quintet. 8.0

ST PANCRAS CHURCH, Euston Rd, NW1. Th 10 Mar: Bach, Schoenberg, Messiaen, Reger. Christopher Bowers - Broadbent (organ). 6.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sun 13 Mar: Sonatas by Handel and Haydn, Emanuel Hurwitz (violin), Raymond Leppard (harpsichord). 7.30

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Sq, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 8032). Sun 13 Mar: Mendelssohn, Ravel, Brahms. London String Quartet, Peter Wallfisch. 6.30

HAMILTON HOUSE, Mabledon Pl, NW1. M 14 Mar: Vivaldi, Telemann, Geminiani, Haydn, Salzedo, Geza Frid. London Soloists Ensemble. 7.30

FRIENDS HOUSE, Euston Rd, NW1. M 14 Mar: Olive Zorian Memorial Concert. Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears, Julian Bream, Janet Baker, Norman del Mar. 8.0

ST JAMES'S SQUARE, SW1. M 14 Mar: Maconchy, Bliss, Standford, Henze, Berkeley, Ferguson, Lessard. Cynthia Bateman (contralto), Courtney Kenny (piano), Alan Cuckston (harpsichord). 7.30

BISHOPSGATE HALL, 230 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 2254). T 15 Mar: Doreen Stanfield (piano). 1.5

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Jann Haworth (Robert Fraser). 2 Joe Tilson (New London). 3 George IV and the Arts of France (Queen's Gallery). 4 Robert Motherwell (Whitechapel). 5 Naum Gabo (Tate).

When it comes to being given a bad name, dogs have nothing to complain of in contrast to modern art movements or styles. They get called everything under the sun and very rarely anything complimentary. That most gilt-edged term in the art market – "Impressionist" was originally coined by a journalist as a term of utter derision and "Fauve," equally desirable to the connoisseur now, was a means of calling Matisse and others wild beasts.

Yet the public as well as art scholars and critics go on demanding that art be pigeonholed or pinned down by a word or two that fixes them (safely) out of harm's way, safely that is from the point of view of the public or critic. They seem to fear that any work of art that moves about on its own, crossing the borders that have previously been drawn round artistic styles, is a danger to public health and morality: every new image or idea has to be tagged like an evacuee from a foreign country.

What, for example, do you make of "Top"? as it comes from the word "topographical" perhaps you immediately see a map, a flat thing. Actually the word has been tried out as a collective name for pictures in which the canvas surface is not flat, one that has protruberances pressing through from the back, a sort of low relief around which forms and colours literally flow. But that is where the picture begins, its quality and its expressiveness are not touched on by the title.

Some 25 watercolours and drawings by Paul Klee, most of which have not been seen in England before, will form an important exhibition at the Brook Street Gallery in June.

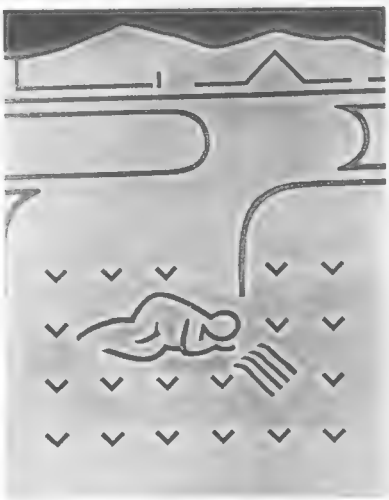
I myself, have been tempted. Art works, such as one will find at the Axiom Gallery, varying between extremes of constructivism and optical illusion, often involving three dimensional elements and yet almost always modified gentle harmonies of personal colour, I have called "Soft Op."

But I don't expect anyone to start a picture with that natty phrase in mind. Nor do I expect to get such a bright welcome next time I meet one of the artists concerned. But then I have few illusions that the job of naming the parts that go to make up the whole of the contemporary scene is more popular than that of the referee at a football match – anyone who tries to do the job is jeered at by everyone else but no one offers to take over responsibility.

keith sutton

Anthony Green at the Rowan Gallery

Sickert at Roland, Browse and Delbanco



Michael Buhler at the New Art Centre

Stubbs at Ackermann

OPENING

E BOX, D WYNNE. Tooths, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Recent paintings and sculptures, 15 March-2 April. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

DAVID BURLINK. Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Recent paintings. 15 March-7 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

FRANZ DECKWITZ. Portal, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. *Trompe L'oeil* and fantasy paintings. 14 March-14 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROGER FRY. Arts Council. 4 St James's Square, SW1. WHI 9737. "Vision and Design." An exhibition of the life, work and influence of Roger Fry, arranged to mark the centenary of his birth. It consists of paintings, drawings and books by Fry, his friends, fellow artists and contemporaries, as well as photographs and documents connected with them. 17 March-16 April. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8

NAUM GABO. Tate, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective exhibition. Three-dimensional works by the constructivist Naum Gabo (born Russia 1890); also includes paintings, watercolours and drawings. The works date from 1908 to the present day. 16 March-15 April, M-Sat 10-6, T & Th to 8, Sun 2-6

MICHAEL KENNY. Hamilton, 3 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Recent sculpture. 15 March-16 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ROBERT MOTHERWELL. Whitechapel, E1. BIS 1492. Retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings from 1941 to 1965. 16 March-17 April. T-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

STANLEY PARKER. Artists Own, 26 Kingly Street, W1. REG 8308. Paintings, mostly portraits. 16-29 March. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

PIC. Mercury, 26 Cork Street, W1. REG 7800. Recent paintings. 15-31 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PHILIP TURNER. Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Sculpture. 15 March-16 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MICHAEL TYZACK. Axion Gallery, 79 Duke Street, W1 (HYD 6646). Recent paintings by Liverpool first Prize winner. Mixed oil paintings – mostly large but some small. 16 Mar-20 Apr – Daily 10 to 6, Sat 10 to 1

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY. Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and The Arts of France." The new exhibition will contain furniture, pictures, tapestries and other works of art from the Royal Collection. It is designed to show some of the more important French works which were acquired for the Royal Collection by King George IV. Opens 15 March until further notice. T-Sat 11-5, Sun 2.30-5. Closed M. Adm. 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

CURRENT

AIA. 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Recent work by David Andrews, paintings, Norman Aspinall, and Anthony Pritchard, drawings sculpture, Noel Forster, paintings. Until 30 March. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-1

MAXWELL ARNFIELD, ROBERT MEDLEY. Leicester, 4 Audley Square, S Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Arnfield – retrospective exhibition of tempera paintings. Medley – recent paintings and drawings. Until 2 April. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

M BALDWIN, V NEWSOME. Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Recent sculptures and drawings. Until 25 March. Daily 10-6

PETER BEHAN. Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7894. Recent figurative c paintings by young Irish expressionist. Also English Painting 190 1950; including works by John Sickert, William Nicholson, Spencer Gore, Hitchens, Ethel Walker etc. Until 7 April. M-F 10-5.30, S 10-1

MICHAEL BUHLER. New A Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BE 5844. First one-man show of you RCA trained artist, who left the about Hockney-time; recent pai ings, all figurative, some as la as 5 ft x 5 ft, others down 16 in x 20 in. Until 2 April. M 10-6, Sat 10-1

COLNAGHI. 14 Old Bond Stre W1. HYD 1943. 18th century Ital prints. Until 1 April. M-F 10-5.3

ROBERT COSTELLO, CYR MANN, ROGER WARREN. Alw 56 Brook Street, W1. MAY 18 Costello – recent ceramics: Ma

and Warren – recent oil paintings. Until 29 March. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

ANTHONY GREEN. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Second one-man exhibition; recent oil paintings on board, quite large narrative figurative works in which himself and family appear. Until 24 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JANN HAWORTH. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. First one-man show of brilliant young American artist, trained at Slade; a world of her own, made from kapok, peopled by disturbingly familiar familiars. (See *London Life*, 12 Feb.) Until 19 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 11-1

PHILLIPPE JULIAN. Trafford, 119 Mount Street, W1. GRO 2021. Souvenirs de Russie: oils, watercolours and drawings from recent journeyings in Russia. Until 1 April. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

KASMIN. 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Mixed show of small American paintings. Until 26 March. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

BRIAN KOETSER. Gallery, 38 Duke Street, St. James's, SW1. WHI 6309. Exhibition of Dutch, Flemish, German and Italian Old Master paintings. Until May. M-F 10-6, Sat 9.30-1

OSCAR KOKOSCHKA. Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Exhibition in celebration and honour of Kokoschka's 80th birthday. Early and recent works, portraits, watercolours and drawings, including designs for the production of *The Magic Flute*. Until 8 April. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

MOLTON. 44 S Molton Street, W1. MAY 2482. Cornucopia 1966: paintings and gouaches by artists associated with the gallery. Until 31 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ALAN REYNOLDS and **KUPKA.** Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. Recent paintings and gouaches. Until 25 March. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LAURENCE SCARFE. Curwen, 1 Coreville Place, W1. MUS 1459. New Lithographs. Until 2 April. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

GEORGE STUBBS and **BEN MARSHALL.** Arthur Ackermann, 3 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 3288. Exhibition in aid of the National Society for Cancer Relief of 6 paintings by Stubbs and 9 by Marshall from the Durdans Collection lent by Lord Irwin. Until 26 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

TIEPOLO. Hallsborough Gallery, 143 New Bond Street, W1. GRO 1923. Six Tiepolo frescoes from the Palazzo Porto, Vicenza. Until 15 March. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-2.30

JOE TILSON, COLIN LANCELEY. Marlborough New London, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Tilson: Columns, ziggurats, reliefs in wood, metals and paints; recent developments of familiar and fresh imagery. Lanceley: first showing of wooden painted sculptures of Alice in Wonderland-like fantasy. Until 18 March. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

TROVA. Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Recent sculptures, series based on Falling Man. Until 1 April. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ZWEMMER. 26 Litchfield Street, EC2 (TEM 1793). "Essays in Narrative." Paintings by Norman Toynton, John Walker and Eric Brown, recent Prize Winner at John Moores. Also drawings by Jennifer Dickson. Until 1 Apr, M-F 10 to 6, Sat 10 to 1

This exceptionally beautiful print of Christ healing the sick by Rembrandt is also known as The Hundred Guilder Print. When it is auctioned at Sotheby's (Thurs 17 March) it may fetch over £10,000

SALEROOMS

FRI 11 MARCH
Rugs and carpets, needlework and English and Continental furniture at Sotheby's. 11 am
Paintings and drawings, c1800-c1920, at Christie's. 11 am

MON 14 MARCH
Continental coins at Sotheby's. 11 am. This is the Sharp Collection of Coins collected by Dr John Sharp, Archbishop of York from 1691 to 1714, and afterwards by his descendants. It is sent for sale by Miss Olive Lloyd-Baker, its present inheritor. Having been so carefully looked after by its family of owners for nearly 300 years, it will be sad seeing the collection dispersed. But Dr Sharp seems to have taken coin collecting quite lightly. He started when he was Rector of St Giles in the Fields as a distraction from the political difficulties in which the church was involved at that time. He writes, "nor did I very much yield to it, till, coming into the country, I found it a good divertisement in the evening"
The late John Hayward's collection of English and French literature of the 16th to 19th century at Sotheby's. 11 am, continuing Tues. This sale includes a first edition of Mallarme's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* with four original wood-engravings by Manet
Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

TUES 15 MARCH
Important Old Master drawings at Sotheby's. 2.30 pm. In this sale are many drawings by and after Melchior Lorck, a son of a Danish nobleman who was travel-mad besides being a brilliant draughtsman. He travelled round Italy and Germany and was sent on a diplomatic visit to Turkey in 1564. It is possible that he even travelled to Africa in later life. The drawings in this sale are all of people and places he met on his travels. While 16th century life is well portrayed in Lorck's drawings the Italian artist Giuseppe Piattoli portrays 18th century drawing-room activities equally well in a series of drawings in the same sale
Fine English porcelain at Sotheby's. 11 am
English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art, Eastern rugs and carpets at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am. This sale includes a magnificent 13th century Limoges champleve enamel gospel cover. This very rare and beautifully coloured work depicts the Crucifixion of Christ and the Virgin. It measures just over nine by five inches and is expected to fetch over £1,000
Household furniture and effects at Coe's. 10 am
Oriental works of art at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 2.0 pm
Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

WED 16 MARCH
Important Old Master paintings at Sotheby's. 11 am. This sale includes the St George and the Dragon panel-painting attributed to Hubert Van Eyck which is expected to sell for a considerable sum of money. Mr Huntington Hartford, the American grocery chain store millionaire, is selling another of his Old Master paintings in the sale. This is a view of Venice by Guardi showing the Piazza San Marco
Important jewels at Christie's. 11 am
Fine European and antique porcelain at Bonham's. 11 am
Antique furniture at Coe's. 10 am
Pictures at Coe's. 2.0 pm

ADDRESSES & VIEWING TIMES
Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – three days before sale
Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – three days before sale
Harmer Rooke & Co Ltd, 2 Arundel Street, WC2 (TEM 7941) – three days before sale
Harmer Ltd, 41 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 0218) – three days before sale
Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – two days before sale
Phillips, Son & Neale Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – two days before sale
Puttick & Simpson Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – one day before sale
Sotheby & Co, 24 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – two days before sale

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RESTAURANTS

Mrs Bloom, co-proprietor with her husband of Bloom's, London's most celebrated kosher restaurant.

If Princess Margaret wants to dine off beetroot *borsht* (actually, her favourite), *gefilte* fish and *lockshen* pudding every night, she couldn't have chosen a better chef. For Bambos Pais, the man Kensington Palace has asked to work there, has been a chef at Bloom's, the Whitechapel kosher restaurant, for the last nine years. He is a sad-eyed 38-year-old from Cyprus – Armenian father, Cypriot mother. And he's been in the cuisine game ever since he cooked his way through high school more than 20 years ago.

"To pay for my education, I went to work in a hotel during school holidays," he told me. "Later on, when I had decided that I really wanted to be a chef, I won a scholarship to the Cordon Bleu school in Paris." He returned from France to the Cyprus hotel that first nourished him (if that's the verb I'm thinking of). What was his first break?

"There was a Greek shipping millionaire who liked the way I did mashed potatoes. . . . Maybe they weren't so good the second time – but you know, once somebody thinks you're good . . ." He worked first in Athens, then spent a little time in Paris. Then he went on board the Queen Mary – not the happiest time of his life, I gathered – before settling into an Egyptian hotel for a few years. "Yes," he concedes, "I cooked for King Farouk, but only once or twice."

You wouldn't know from Bloom's outward activities that they have a sensation-de- chef on their hands at this time. Mr Bloom makes sardonic remarks like: "Maybe we should hang him up in the window instead of the *worsht* sausages." The Americans, however, have gone wild about him. While I was having dinner with Bambos Pais at Bloom's the other evening he showed me a sheaf of press cuttings from the USA – "Have the haughty English upper classes gone kosher?" asked one. And, he told me, he has requests to do three television shows in New York later this year.

Bambos Pais has this to say about international cuisins: "Kosher cooking is different from any other kind. For one thing, you can only do it if you love doing it. French cooking is all wine and mushrooms. With Italian cooking, even the macaroni tastes of garlic. But with kosher cooking, you don't play with the taste. You use chicken fat, which is the sweetest you can get, and your mind must concentrate on the cooking until the taste just comes."

Well, that's the kind of chef Princess Margaret has asked for – she heard of, and sampled his prowess in various styles at private dinner parties round and about London: Bambos Pais is in great demand for Saturday evenings, when Bloom's, a strictly kosher restaurant, is closed.

And what is kosher cooking? Fundamentally it's *heimeshe*, which is yiddish for homely. The best kosher places cook like a yiddisher mamma cooks, and looks upon its customers as boys and girls who have come home to be fed. Mrs Bloom of Bloom's puts it this way: "I watch the plates. If something's left, I want to know why."

A glossary may be useful: *gefilte* fish is made of four different fishes, minced with eggs, onions, ground almonds and fresh breadcrumbs. *Latkes* are potatoes mashed, then fried like a pancake. *Tzimmes* is diced carrots; stuffed *kishke* is stuffed kidney; *lockshen* pudding is a species of noodle pudding.

As for atmosphere, don't expect quiet intimacy; that would ruin the flavour of the food. Bright, cheery, noisy, busy are more like it. Groucho Marx once said it while eating at Lindy's, *the* delicatessen joint in New York. "Do you realise," murmured a friend, "that there are more than two million Jews in New York alone?"

Groucho looked around him and snarled: "Whaddya mean – *alone?*"

arthur pottersman

STRICTLY KOSHER

BLOOM'S, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 **(BIS 6001 and 130).** Golder's Green Road, NW11 **(SPE 1338).** The East End restaurant is bigger and better known. Drive there (car park for patrons) or if you go by train get out at Aldgate East, exiting to High Street North Side. Only the Whitechapel place accepts reservations, which are advisable on Sundays. Both are open Monday to Thursday 11-10 pm, Friday 11-3, Sunday 11-11.30. No licence; bring your own – or they can usually send out – beer, etc. Most things are good: for example *gefilte* fish (better boiled, 3s 6d); chopped liver or chopped herring (2s 6d). Among soups try beetroot *borsht* (2s 6d), mixed chicken (4s) or *heimeshe* barley (2s 6d). Hot salt beef (7s 6d) is good, stuffed breast of veal (8s 6d) delicious, stuffed breast of lamb rather fatty (7s 6d). Roast leg of chicken (7s 6d) with stuffed neck (5s) is good and fattening indeed. Always sample some pickled cucumber, sweet and sour (1s 3d). Try to leave room for the *lockshen* pudding (2s 6d), which they serve with a little fruit juice, and is wonderfully light. Wash it all down with lemon tea (1s 6d), which Bloom's do beautifully – Jewish dietary laws forbid milk after meat. Bill for two – around 35s

FELD'S, 47 Wells Street, W1 **(MUS 3772).** In the heart of London's rag-trade, behind Oxford Street. Open Monday to Thursday 11.30-9 pm; Friday 11.30-3.30; Sunday 12-9. No licence, but you can bring your own beer. They will accept bookings if you feel nervous about, say, Sunday lunchtime. I took an American taster with me last week. His report: "Very *heimeshe* cooking indeed. The kind of cooking you'd expect to find in a good Jewish home." Much quieter and smaller than the Whitechapel Bloom's, though the dishes vary little in name. It's also slightly cheaper – chopped liver 1s 6d; *borsht* 2s; pickled cucumber 1s; lemon tea 1s. My taster was most enthusiastic about the *viennas* – small and tasty (4s 6d for two pairs). I found the *tzimmes* slightly too salty, but the *farfel* is first-rate. My taster also considered that the mayonnaise on his potato salad and coleslaw (all vegetables and salads are 1s 6d) was so mild as to be home-made. Bill for two is unlikely to reach 30s

BLOOM & STURGESS, 114 Baker Street, W1 **(WEL 8464/6752).** No connection with the other Bloom's. Open Monday to Thursday 11.45-9 pm; Friday 11.45-2.30; Sunday 11.45-10.30. As usual no licence, but bring your own – they accept reservations. Quite pricey – chopped liver 3s, salt beef 9s 6d, *gefilte* fish 5s, vegetables 2s each. I found their calves foot jelly (2s 6d) and breast of lamb (6s 6d) very good. The stewed prunes and apples (2s 6d) are really *heimeshe*. Service is particularly friendly and watchful, but ask for an extra slice of lemon in your lemon tea (1s 3d). Bill for two looks like topping the £2 mark

Some notes about the foregoing restaurants: they are all strictly kosher, which means supervised by the Beth Din, the highest Jewish authority. Each of them serves meals throughout the hours of being open; waiters have an endearing way of bringing your first course "just to get you started" before asking what else you want; each restaurant also runs a snack counter for sandwiches and so on. And if the queue gets particularly long at Bloom's, Mrs Bloom is highly likely to help you stave off hunger with slices of *worsht* and cocktail *viennas*

KOSHER FISH

STRONGWATER'S KOSHER SEA FOOD RESTAURANT, 79 Mortimer Street, W1 **(LAN 3615).** A peculiarity of Jewish dietary laws is that fish doesn't count as meat. What makes this one kosher, however, is that they do not (indeed, cannot) serve shellfish, and one or two other species of sea food. This gives Strongwaters two advantages: they can serve sweets that are made with milk or cream; and they can offer as a comical gimmick 'kosher scampi," of which more later. Open Tuesday to Thursday 12-3 pm and 6 -11; Monday and Friday 12-3; Sunday 12-3 and 6-11. They do have a licence – my taster and I sampled some pleasant lager. Amazingly enough, they had no *gefilte* fish (5s 6d) when I lunched there the other day. My taster and I liked the very rich herring in wine. They do sole in several ways at 16s 6d and 17s 6d; plaice from 7s to 10s 6d; halibut several ways 15s. Pickled cucumbers, I must report, are rather unremarkable. As for kosher scampi! really that's strips of sole, fried, and served with tartare sauce – "very nice and original" is my taster's comment. I enjoyed a very light cheesecake, but a kosher restaurant should know better than to serve lemon tea made with a tea bag (1s). Bill for two, including four lagers, was £2 10s

KOSHER-STYLE

CARROLLS, 32 Great Windmill Street, W1. Open every day, noon to midnight, and noon to 12.30 am on Saturdays. There are three kosher-style nosheries in Great Windmill Street (there are three cinemas showing nudie films too, but I can't make anything significant out of that). This one, nearest the Brewer Street end, is the best. *Borsht* and salt beef are absolutely reliable; my taster swears by the chopped liver served with a little chicken fat. *Lockshen* pudding is too heavy, and I don't recommend it. Lemon tea is first-rate. The average bill for two: under £1

ISOW'S, 6 Brewer Street, W1 **(GER 7618).** Open every day 12.15-3 and 6-midnight. Booking helps, but (one taster warns) may not always be reliable. This is a pricey joint, very conscious of being in the West End; they sport a variety of general Continental cooking as well as some unexceptionable kosher cuisine. I shall never be convinced that a wine waiter in a kosheresque nosherie is a *sine qua non* . . . but the lemon tea is very good. Chopped liver, salt beef may be eaten with enjoyment. Service is often indifferent, in my experience, which makes it regrettable that a service charge is added to the bill. One may show displeasure by adding nothing to that. Or, as a taster recounted to me, follow the example of a cigar-smoking eater who, after grumbling his way through the meal course by course, left the waiter a 6d piece under the plate. Which, when the waiter found (just before aforesaid customer was out of earshot) he held aloft and cried: "A Russky millionaire yet!" Bill for two may easily top £3

AROUND TOWN

CHEZ VICTOR, 45 Wardour Street, W1 **(GER 6523).** Open Monday to Saturday 12-3 and 6-12. I would not leap at their smoked salmon (7s 6d) or *pâté maison* (6s 6d). But the *hors d'oeuvres variés* (7s 6d) is usually good, and the *pot au-feu* makes a good soup to start with (3s). There is a *plat du jour* which is normally a safe bet (around 11s). One taster enthuses about the *raie au beurre noir* (10s 6d). I also suggest the *escalope de veau au petits pois* (12s). Among the sweets: *crème de marrons* (3s 6d) is first-rate. Wines at about 20s a bottle are quite reliable. Only the service leaves something to be desired – or is that brusque welcome designed to lend a Parisian air to the proceedings? Booking especially advisable for lunch; evenings are often quieter and hence more comfortable. So many publishers use the place for lunch that I have quite abandoned intriguing there. Average bill for two: safely £3 to £3 10s

L'ETOILE, 30 Charlotte Street, W1 **(MUS 7189).** Open Monday to Saturday 12.30-2.30 and 6.30-9.30. Among my favourite French restaurants – and so many concur that I have found booking advisable two days in advance. The *hors d'oeuvres* trolley is plentifully laden: among the more unusual – *Truite marneé maison* (10s 6d), which does give a meal a most piquant and stimulating start; *aubergine farcie* (7s 6d); and *salade de pieds-de-porc* (10s 6d), which is splendidly Parisian. One taster has liked the *soupe de poissons* (6s 6d). Among the fishes, Dover Sole Colbert (15s) has given pleasure. I find *escalope de veau à la Zingara* (15s) a little heavy, but the *côtellettes d'agneau grillés* (12s 6d) are excellent. Vegetables: 2s to 5s – and fresh asparagus 15s. Sweet trolley is as seductively laden as the first. I like the *salade de pêches* best – beautifully marinated in lemon juice. Wine by the carafe is 20s. Quite expensive, but worth it – over £5 10s for two

CELLIER DU MIDI, 28 Church Row, NW3 **(HAM 9998).** Monday to Saturday, dinners only 6.30-11. This French cellar restaurant has an ever-growing, much-deserved reputation. Judging from the conversations that waft cheerily over manger-like partitions eaters will come from Chelsea and beyond for the merry ministrations of chef Jean-Michel Saux, manager Henri-Alex, his brother, and a bearded band of waiters. My taster's favourite hors d'oeuvres: *terrine* (4s 6d); *pousse Bedaine* (cream cheese, saffrons, pimentos, merest hint of garlic, 4s); *ratatouille* (4s 6d). The *soupe de poissons* (3s 6d) is delicious but rather garlicked. Entrées include an excellent *pot-au-feu* (10s 6d); and *veau de la Chevaliere* (veal in sour cream, wine and onion sauce, 14s 6d). I must warn that the *cassoulet* (15s) has been much too salty. Vegetables are extra, but often a green salad suffices. The sweets are first-rate: my taster's favourite goodies: *crême brulée* (4s 6d) and *figures au pastis* (5s 6d), which have the great merit of being sweet but not sickly. *Café filtre* (1s 6d) is good. Bring your own wine, or send out for a good Beaune (about 20s a bottle). Average bill for two (not including wine): £2 12s

N.B.: Most "average bills for two" include a couple of cocktails

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NIGHT LIFE

Perhaps the nicest thing about London Clubs is coming back to them. Take a boat, car or plane (I took all three) to some distant land, sample some foreign delights, then emerge red-eyed and refreshed, ready for the velvet life of London.

Switzerland is about as far as one can decently go this time of year and, naturally, with so many continentals running clubs in London, it's accepted to find an Englishman running a club over there. He is Nick Lilley (his father is the shoe man), the club is Aladdin's Cave and the place is perched on a mountainside some three kilometres from Gstaad, the Swiss Ski resort still purring over Jackie Kennedy's recent visit.

For Londoners accustomed to slipping down into the bowels of the earth before daring the three D's, dining, dancing and drinking, Mr Lilley has a treat. His club is on the ground floor. It's a small room decorated in an acceptable mixture of English modern and Swiss Traditional, and – shades of progress – the dance floor is fully carpeted.

The drink prices remain distinctly unprogressive, beer 3s, whisky 6s. But there is no cover charge and service is included.

The Jacaranda Restaurant's pond in Knightsbridge, once considered home from home for debs' escorts, has been partly filled in. Just enough to prevent fully clothed flounderings.

For package deal holidaymakers whose only worry is: "How much does it cost?" the budget alternative is a bottle of local wine. Very good and it looks madly impressive. Current musical entertainment is by a Liverpool Beat group, the Road Runners. What else? Unfortunately with four amplifiers they reduce all conversation to endearing bellows or just resigned silence. With more amplifiers just waiting to be used theirs is a friendship to be cultivated.

Though I agree such persistent music eliminates every vestige of a language problem, I was prepared to struggle with verbs in the comparative calm of Geneva's Bat-a-Clan club. Here, in a setting of night club traditional with red plush and gilt from floor to ceiling, the attraction is beauty unadorned and, for an entrance fee of 14s and the price of a beer, it's possible to sit for three hours watching a variety of ladies taking their clothes off to a variety of different tunes.

As I said at the beginning London Clubs are really quite nice to come back to.

john viner

DISCOTHEQUES

CHALET SUISSE, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 8.0 pm to 2.0 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Swiss cuisine. Dinner approx £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently Eddie Dushan, discothèque dancing, blackjack, roulette. Pferdestall (downstairs): dancing to the Do Re Mi Trio with Gwen Dolen

CLUB CONCORDE, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm to 12 midnight every night except Mon. Annual membership: 10s gentlemen, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d to 8s 6d. No food, popular bar prices. *Entertainment:* discothèque dancing, roulette

CLUB EUROPA, 251 Finchley Road, NW3 (HAM 5437). 8 pm till midnight. Strictly European club. Closed Mon. Membership 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d, weekdays to 8s 6d weekends. Drinks at pub prices. No food. Licensed till 11 pm. Discothèque dancing

DIE FLEDERMAUS, 7 Carlisle St, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership: £1 a year men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientèle. Party night, Tuesday, all drinks 1s 6d. Dancing to discs

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed guineas. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 25s, includes first drink. Whisky, sold by miniature, 12s. Wines 36s. Steaks, salads and Danish specialities 12s 6d. Special breakfast from 3 am

EARL'S CAVE, 97 Earls Court Rd, W8 (FRO 1999). 8 pm-1 am. Closed Mon. Membership 21s men, 10s ladies per year. Entrance: weekend, guests 7s 6d men, 6s ladies. Members 6s men, 4s 6d, ladies. Less during the week. Licensed till midnight. Light snacks served. Drinks: Scotch 2s 6d. Tue: Free wine between 8.30 and 9.30 pm. Wed: Drinks at half-price till 10 pm. *Entertainment:* Boule, 2s 6d min, £1 max. Blackjack 5s min, £5 max. Discothèque dancing

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

CELEBRITY, 17 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7636). Dancing 10 pm-4 am. No membership fees, no cover charge. In Lounge no minimum charge. In Show Room £2 minimum a head plus 12½ per cent. service charge (the £2 to be spent on food and/or drink). *Entertainment:* Racing on films, Vive les Girls revue and cabaret, 11.15-1.15. Currently: Joy Marshall, Didier & Partner, Brian Freeman, Ivor Meggido Dancers, Freddie Stafford Orchestra with Jo Marney

DANNY LA RUE'S, 17 Hanover Square, W1 (GRO 4203-5). 10.30 pm to 4 am. Annual membership 2 gns. Entrance fee £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s per head plus wine. Licensed till 3 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 2 groups and Danny La Rue & Company in Revue at 1.15 am

ELYSEE, 13 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 4804 & LAN 3988). Midday to 3 pm and 6 pm to 1 am daily including Sunday. Cabaret 2 times nightly of Greek music and dancing. Dancing from 8 pm to 1 am to 3-piece band. International menu and menu specialising in Greek food, *à la carte* only, about 21s a head weekdays, 30s weekends, plus wines from 1 guinea to £3. Whisky 3s. No service or cover charge. Licensed till 12.30 am

EVE, 189 Regent Street, W1 (REG 0879). 9 pm-4 am. Entrance 30s members and guests, annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. Whisky by the bottle about £5 (they'll keep it till next time). Whisky by the glass 3s. 6d. *Entertainment:* Floor-show in two parts, 10.30 and 1 am. Currently: Vendreys

QUAGLINO'S, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 7.30 pm-1.30 am, inc Sun. Cabaret 10.45 pm. Dinner £2 10s. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 3 bands, cabaret. Currently: Chester Harriot. From Mon 14 Mar: Ellares Sisters

REHEARSAL ROOM, Over Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1. SLO 2881. 9.30-2.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Annual membership: first year 3 guineas: subsequently 2 guineas. Cover charge 3s. Dinner served until 2.30, dancing and cabaret 30s plus.

MR SMITH'S ROOM, Rushey Green, SE6 (HIT 5468). Mon to Thurs: 8.30 pm-2 am. Fri and Sat: 8 pm-2 am. Membership £1 per year. Entrance about 4s 6d except Sat: when 8s 6d. *A la carte* menu about 25s to 30s a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* Blackjack, boule, dice, stakes vary from 5s to £3. Cabaret from 11 pm-midnight. Currently: The Konyots, Sandra Brown, Dean Raymond. From 14 Mar: The Healey Sisters, Gerry Dorsey, Dicky & Dotti

THE STORK ROOM, 99 Regent Street, W1 (REG 3686). 8 pm till 4 am including Sundays. Dinner, dance & show with wine about £7 for two. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 2 bands and lavish floor show currently called "London Life" at 11.30 pm and 1.45 am

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm-1.30 am. Annual membership 12 guineas: temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner, dancing, about £6-£7 a head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Cover for dancing and drinking only 17s 6d. Discothèque, late dining club

BEACHCOMBER, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 5.30 pm-130 am. Minimum charge 30s a head in the restaurant. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner from 6.30 pm-midnight, £2 to £2 10s a head. Cocktails 7s-8s. Wines from 21s to £3. *Entertainment:* Three bands from 8 pm-1.30 am. Three vocalists and currently one Hawaiian who entertains once during the evening with a dance

ROOF RESTAURANT, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar: Sat 11 am to 3 pm, Sun midday to 2 pm. Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* only £4 a head with wine. Whisky 6s. Cover charge 12s 6d. Service charge 12½ per cent. French cuisine. *Entertainment:* Dancing in the evenings only to Judd Solo and his band. Decor by Sir Hugh Casson. The restaurant has a magnificent view over London

FOUR HUNDRED, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 7 pm till 3 am. Annual membership 10

Claude Collier sings nightly at his own club, Claude's Room – The One-O-One, at 101 Edgware Road. Dinner and dancing 9.30-2 am; breakfast 2-3.30 am.

guineas. Dinner (served till 1 am) approx 50s per head plus wine. Drinks 5s 6d; after 10.30: 10s 6d. *Entertainment:* Dancing to group

GROSVENOR HOUSE RESTAURANT, Park Lane, W1 (GRO 6363). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Open every day. Lunch: *table d'hôte* 27s 6d. Dinner: *table d'hôte* 32s 6d. Wines from 15s to £3. Whisky 3s 3d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge on *à la carte* menu only 2s. *Entertainment:* Dancing from 8 pm-1 am, excluding Sun to the Sydney Lipton Band, also Los Cinco Ricardos Group

HATCHETTS, 67 Piccadilly, W1 (HYD 1804 & 1871). Bars: 11-3 pm; 5-11 pm. Restaurant: midday-3 pm; 6.30-2 am. Lunch & dinner *à la carte* only from 18s to £3. Wines - all by Grant's of St James from 21s to £4. Normal bar prices in the bars, but an increase of about 3d on spirits in the restaurant. Cover charge 2s. No service charge. *Entertainment:* Dancing to a band from 8.15 pm-1 am. Currently: The Don Riddell Four

RENAISSANCE CLUB, 39a Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 7761). 11.30 am-3 pm and 5.30 pm to 12.30 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu. Wines 18s 6d to 37s, all vintage. Whisky 2s 9d. No service or cover charge. Licensed to midnight, supper licence till 12.30 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to a three-piece band.

RIVER CLUB, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). 5.30 pm-2 am approx. 8 guineas London member, 5 guineas provincial member, 10s 6d cover charge, 42s 6d set dinner. Resident Calypso band. Roof garden with bar. Casino on ground floor.

ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 8000). Royal Roof Restaurant: Cocktails 7.30 pm. Dinner 8.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. Minimum charge for dinner £2 but more likely to be £5 to £6 a head plus wine; 10 per cent service charge. All drinks at the bar 10s. Dancing to three-piece band, and violinists serenade you as you eat. Superb view. The Garden Room: Midday to 3 pm, lunch from 25s. 6 pm-11 pm, four-course dinner from 35s, plus wine. Service charge 10 per cent (no dancing). Bulldog Bar and Chop-house: Midday to 3 pm, lunch approx 25s, or cold counter from 12s 6d. Dinner: 6 pm-11 pm, same prices (no dancing). Maze Coffee House: open 24 hours a day. You can get a meal at 5 in the morning. Licensed till 2 am (no dancing)

GAMING

CROCKFORD'S, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (WHI 1131). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 a 100; poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 a game; chemin de fer 9 pm, blackjack 10 pm. Closes when play ends. Membership 8 guineas. Out-of-town residents, 4 guineas, overseas members 3 guineas. Bridge, chemin de fer, kalooki, poker and roulette. Limits vary. Restaurant and bar

CURZON HOUSE, 21-23 Curzon Street, W1 (HYD 3581). All round the clock. Membership compulsory and very exclusive. 10 guineas a year. Prospective members vetted before joining. Bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, gin rummy, kalooki poker, roulette and baccarat. Limits vary. Good restaurant

THE ESTABLISHMENT, 18 Greek Street, W1 (GER 8111). Gambling starts between 11 pm and midnight. Membership, 2 guineas a year. Blackjack, poker and roulette. Minimum and maximum limits, 5s and £5. Bar open from 7 pm. Drinking till midnight in the gaming room. Food served 8 pm-3 am. Dancing on first floor

PALM BEACH CLUB, 30 Berkeley Street, W1 (HYD 6585). Opens 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes vary, 5s upwards. Luxurious restaurant and bar adjoining gaming room. Three-course dinner 25s, four-course dinner 35s

RIVER CLUB CASINO, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling can start at 5.30 but warms up about 11. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year, 5 guineas for out-of-town residents, 2 guineas for temporary membership, restaurant 5 guineas. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

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DISCS

The most extraordinary Negro phenomenon in the history of blues explodes on London this weekend. It's James Brown's first visit to Britain, and it needs no gift of prediction to say that the pop scene will never be the same again.

Outside a relatively small number of fans, he is at present virtually unknown. His singles until now – *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag*, for instance – have crept in at the lower end of the charts, his numerous LPs have sold only steadily. But in any of London's discotheques or blues clubs his tracks get worn out. And for every English pop singer visiting America, his shows are command performances. Mick Jagger reserves special adjectives for him, and learned a lot of his stage-act feet and hip movements from Brown. Dusty Springfield thinks he is the greatest pop performer in the world.

This Friday *Ready, Steady, Go!* turns over its entire programme to his act – the first time this has ever happened. On Saturday, 12 March, he plays the Walthamstow Granada, and the backers were recently trying to get a further London date for Monday.

I suspect that most people will be knocked out, but perhaps not in the way they expect. For a start, his act is a bewildering mixture of the phoney and the true. During the two hours he is singing he has a nightly heart attack – some say at precisely the same moment in precisely the same song each time. At this point his helpers rush on the stage, pat him on the back as if to comfort him in his distress, try to put a silk cloak on him to keep him warm, gently attempt to pull him off stage . . . before he launches into his singing again. It's great, and to my eyes very funny.

But at the same time he genuinely feels his music – as much as any of the great blues singers in whom he has his roots. James Brown's music has a harsh urban ring about it that expresses the Negro mood far more than the revived work and prison songs that are lifted by so many British singers. It's enormously powerful and repetitive, and above all it communicates with an audience which is getting bored with guitars.

Except for the most extreme fans, it's not necessary to buy more than a couple of LPs to hear the best of James Brown. For atmosphere, take *James Brown Live At The Apollo* (London HA 8184), or *Pure Dynamite* (London HA 8177). For his hits, try *James Brown Plays Today and Yesterday* (Philips BL 7679) or *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag* (London HA 8262).

leonard levesley

Brook Benton Golden Hits. (20060 MCL Mercury). It's Just a Matter of Time. Endlessly. So Close. So Many Ways. Thank You, Pretty Baby. Hurtin' Inside. Kiddio. The Same One. The Ties That Bind. Hither and Thither and Yon. How Many Times. With All My Heart

A terrific album. I don't think Brook Benton has had his just deserts in this country. I think everyone who hears this album will get hooked on Brook

Ev'rything's Coming Up Dusty. Dusty Springfield (SRBL 1002 Philips). Won't Be Long. Oh, No! Not My Baby. Long After Tonight Is All Over. La Bamba. Who Can I Turn To? Doodlin'. If It Don't Work Out. That's How Heartaches Are Made. It Was Easier to Hurt Him. I've Been Wrong Before. I Can't Hear You. I Had a Talk With My Man. Packin' Up

Not a new album by any means but one of Dusty's best. One of Britain's most important female singers and an international star since she broke out on her own. This LP contains all that Dusty's fans could hope for: some new tracks

and some older ones – quite a variety in fact

The Unbeatable 16 Hits. James Brown (HA 8203 Decca). There Must Be a Reason. I Want You So Bad. Why Do You Do Me? Got to Cry. Strange Things Happen. Fine Old Foxy Self. Messing With the Blues. Try Me. It Was You. I've Got to Change. Can't Be the Same. It Hurts to Tell You. I Won't Plead No More. You're Mine. You're Mine. Gonna Try. Don't Let it Happen to Me

The title speaks for itself – a selection of James's many hits – and this LP sets the gramophone alight. You'll find him in top form, as usual

Let Me Call You Sweetheart. Timi Yuro (LBY 1275). My Prayer. All My Love Belongs to You. Hold Me. I Cry Myself to Sleep. Smile. She Really Loves You. Exactly Like You. Let Me Call You Sweetheart. Put Them Aside. The Wall. Don't Blame Me. Satan Never Sleeps

A very underrated American singer, and a most dynamic artist whose voice is quite astonishing. Be entertained by some swinging standards on this LP. A great record

RECORD REVIEW BY DAVE CLARK

It is just two years since Dave Clark signed what must now be regarded as a rather modest contract with Harold Davidson for £50,000. His only film, "Catch Us If You Can," proved to be one of 1965's national and international box-office smash hits. With this success behind him, Dave will be leaving for America in a couple of weeks' time, where he will record two Ed Sullivan shows, one live and one taped – his eleventh appearance on this show! Then off to Hollywood to have script talks for his next film, followed by a holiday in the Bahamas.

The Connoisseurs' Sinatra. Frank Sinatra (T 20734 EMI). Memories of You. I'll Be Around. Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry. This Love of Mine. Taking a Chance on Love. Moonlight in Vermont. September in the Rain. Day In, Day Out. That Ole Feeling. Here's That Rainy Day. Someone to Watch Over Me. Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams. Young At Heart

The different tracks on this album remind me of the different places the boys and I have been in the past couple of years. Sinatra's singing makes each memory more vivid. Some terrific arrangements by Nelson Riddle, particularly in I'll Be Around

The Getz Age. Stan Getz (1707 EMI). It Might As Well Be Spring. On the Alamo. Yvette. Potters Luck. Autumn Leaves. Lullaby of Birdland. Imagination. Navy Blue. Wildwood. Melody Express. These Foolish Things. Penny

In my book, Stan Getz is the number one sax player, and his subtle technique is illustrated to the full in this album. Horace Silver on piano adds that certain "something"

The Orbison Way. Roy Orbison (HA-U 8279 Decca). Crawlin' Back. It Ain't No Big Thing. Time Changed Everything. This is My Land. The Loner. Maybe. Breakin' Up Is Breakin' My Heart. Go Away. A New Star. Never. It Wasn't Very Long Ago. Why Hurt the One Who Loves You?

A lot of talent. An excellent LP containing lots of emotional ballads. Roy has got terrific range in his voice and uses it to its full advantage on Crawlin' Back

The Spencer Davis Group. The Second Album (TL 5295 Fontana). Look Away. Keep on Running. This Hammer. Georgia On My Mind. Please do Something. Let Me Down Easy. Strong Love. I Washed My Hands in Muddy Water. Since I Met You, Baby. You Must Believe Me. Hey Darling! Watch Your Step

Some great performances from one of the best groups on the scene. This LP is worth acquiring just for Keep on Running, *let alone 11 other swinging numbers. Good strong sound with first-rate backing from his excellent group*

TELEVISION

The Manchester Monolith – the title by which enemies and a few sharper friends know *Coronation Street* – has had births, marriages, deaths and an endless stream of vamp-till-ready gossip. Now, in addition, it has a full-blown research budget, just like *Panorama*.

The ploy is for researchers to wander around northern clubs and pubs seeking regional jokes, customs, and folklore. It is essentially a journalistic idea, which is hardly surprising, since Peter Eckersley, the latest producer, joined Granada from a newspaper.

After six weeks in the saddle, his presence is being made evident by a bigger ration of humour and a closer and tougher relationship with reality. Fresh from a story conference which takes the serial development up to April, he was coy about details, but happy to discourse, in general terms, on the theme of Whither Ena.

Taking control of a six-year-old project which appears to have permed every character from at least a score of plots is not everybody's pint of bitter. But Eckersley is undaunted.

"There is a great slab, a huge area of experience we haven't touched yet," he claims. "In terms of reality, that is.

"Kenneth Barlow (William Roache) has been having an affair. That isn't just another situation, designed to fill a few episodes. We want to push the Barlow marriage a stage further."

He is particularly pleased about the research side of the programme. "Pubs have cultures, things go on in them. Men buy crates of fruit salad after negotiations in the gents, and there are kicking competitions and tall stories and all sorts of things."

Eckersley wants to bring pub culture back alive, into The Rover's Return. He believes research is a necessary tool, not a gimmick.

"It becomes very difficult," he confesses drily, "to dream up an old Lancashire saying in the Olivetti, at midnight. When some character is said to be as thick as a plank, I want to substitute another real simile. It must be around, waiting to be heard."

As a producer, Eckersley knows about scripts. He was invited to join the company after writing a sample chapter of Streetery, and created 40 episodes before moving into current affairs programmes and a stint on *What The Papers Say*.

He is that fairly rare animal, a TV man from the start.

"I have no background of drama, just journalism," he says. At university, he auditioned for a part in a Shakespeare production, his only previous trip into drama.

peter magnus

Peter Eckersley (left) of Granada TV, and Sylvia Kay and Gerald Flood in Monday's episode of "The Rat Catchers."

All programmes subject to change owing to the Election

SATURDAY 12 MARCH

International ski-ing from Murren, Switzerland; racing from Hereford; Rugby League from Huddersfield; wrestling from Beckenham, Kent. ITV. 1.10

Trevor Howard, Alistair Sim and Rosamund John appear together in the film *Green for Danger*, about a patient who is unaccountably murdered on the operating table. All the operating staff come under the suspicion of Inspector Cockrill (played by Alistair Sim). Also starring are Megs Jenkins and John Rae. ITV

ABC Television's Mystery & Imagination series this week is called *The Canterville Ghost*, by Oscar Wilde and adapted by Giles Cooper. It tells the story of the ghost of Canterville Chase and Hecate, his ruling spirit, who are outraged when an American family rent the stately home. But they reckon without the resourcefulness of the New World when they set out to frighten off the intruders. Bruce Forsyth is the Ghost and Eleanor Bron is Hecate, David Bauer and Libby Morris are Mr and Mrs Otis. ITV. 10.5 pm

Terry Scott Talks About Birds, is a sequel to *Scott on Money*. BBC-1

The Dick Van Dyke Show has now been switched from Friday night to Saturday. BBC-1

The Andy Williams Show replaces *BBC-3* until the election is over. BBC-1

Noël Coward talks about acting, his career on the stage and some of the actors he has worked with, such as Sir Laurence Olivier, Edith Evans, Gertrude Lawrence and the Lunts. The programme is illustrated with extracts from *In Which we Serve, Private Lives* and *The Apple Cart* and pictures from Noël Coward's own scrapbooks. BBC-2

Start of a new series of review programmes called *Mild and Bitter*, written by Eric Merriman. The author is introducing shows and takes part in interview spots. Starring June Whitfield, Peter Jones and produced by John Street. There will be a guest singer each week starting with Anita Harris. BBC-2

Afternoon film, *Les Belles de Nuit*, a gay French romantic comedy starring Gina Lollobrigida and Martine Carol and directed by Réné Clair. It is the story of a struggling young composer whose dreams of romance become mixed up with his working life. BBC-2

Rugby Special. Highlights of Ireland v Wales and Lancashire v Middlesex. Commentators Peter West and Neil Durden-Smith and introduced by Keith Macklin. BBC-2

SUNDAY 13 MARCH

The first of a new series of seven programmes called *The Opinion Makers* is introduced by Lord Francis Williams (a former journalist and traveller), who will highlight each week prominent people from the world of mass media and discuss with them their varying standards of ethics. Mike Randall, editor of the *Daily Mail*, is the first to appear, followed next week by Sir Hugh Greene, Director-General of the BBC, Sir William Connor, Cassandra of the *Daily Mirror*, and Sir Geoffrey Cox, editor of ITN. ITV

The afternoon film stars Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and Claude Rains in *Passage to Marseilles*. The period is 1940, a French freighter picks up a canoe containing five fugitives from Devil's Island. As the ship approaches Europe, news is received of the French capitulation and the five find themselves involved in a mutiny. ITV

Danger Man begins again with *I Am Afraid You Have the Wrong Number* starring Patrick McGoohan, Jeanne Moody and Paul Eddington. ITV. 7.25

Andy Stewart and the Dallas Boys are the guest stars on the London Palladium Show. ITV. 8.25

James Mason and Margaret Lockwood appear in *The Wicked Lady*, a story of infamy set in the days of Charles II. Barbara Worth, the wife of Sir Ralph Skelton, is bored with the life she leads in the country and turns to highway robbery in search of excitement. ITV

Ski-ing – international men's slalom at Murren, Switzerland. The Arlberg-Kandahar ski race meeting, a supreme test of skill and speed. BBC-1

Evening film stars Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray in *The Egg and I*. The experiences of a young married couple faced with an unexpected situation when they buy a primitive chicken farm. Based on the popular novel by Betty Macdonald, it was one of the comedy successes of 1947. BBC-1

Music programme. The Rachmaninov Concerto is the start of a new series of music programmes. This week Rudolph Kempe conducts the BBC Symphony Orchestra when Moura Lympany is the soloist in Rachmaninov's concerto in F sharp minor. It is a recording of a concert that took place at Fairfield Hall, Croydon. BBC-1

People to Watch. Andrew Shonfield talks to Erskine Childers and Robert McKenzie about the future developments of the Western economy and is questioned on Communist economic ideas by Pavel-Eisler. (Sequel to last week's discussion.) BBC-2

Tonight in Person. Anglo-American folk team Ewan McColl and Peggy Seeger. McColl is one of the early members of Theatre Workshop and his own songs are sung by artists all over the world. Peggy Seeger accompanies McColl on the concertina, auto-harp, guitar and banjo as well as singing. BBC-2

Theatre 625. *Queen and Jackson* is a comic reconstruction of a legal action of the 1980s starring Jill Dixon and George Baker and written by Donald Bull. BBC-2

Late Night Line Up. Famous dance band leaders of the 30s, including Jack Payne, Harry Roy, Roy Fox and Nat Gonella, will attempt to identify some of the top tunes of the 30s era and talk about their memories. BBC-2

Horizon. *The Beginning of Life* is the first item in the programme, a film that took eight years to make and deals with the growth of the human embryo. It was compiled from hundreds of different films, one of which shows the halfway stage of a baby sucking its thumb in the womb. The second item is a science fiction film made by Stern Vanderbeek. BBC-2

SPORT

I know of no race meeting in the world but Cheltenham that shares the atmosphere of a frenetic Ecumenical Council and a gambler's delight. You have only to witness one of the many Irish winners leading his field up the final hill to the winning post to hear normally quiet Roman Catholic priests explode in irreverence and joy.

It is appropriate that St Patrick's Day should fall this year on Cheltenham Gold Cup day (Thursday) when it would surely take the most cruel Act of God to stop Arkle from winning yet again. A formality indeed, but one which will bring even bigger crowds to this beautiful Cotswolds course. Arkle has already netted over £61,000 in prize money.

Arkle's breeding is nothing dramatic and one is almost forced to agree with his trainer, Tom Dreaper, that "champions are born in heaven." He has already won the Gold Cup twice and after next week he should be well on the way to challenging Golden Miller's record of five Cheltenham Gold Cups. In the saddle as usual will be Pat Taafe, who at 6 foot 2 inches is one of the tallest jockeys.

Arkle's last victory in Britain was at Kempton on Boxing Day, when he walked away with the King George VI Chase, a race marred by the death of the brilliant young chaser, Dunkirk, who killed himself in his efforts to keep on level terms with the mighty Arkle. You only get an Arkle in racing once every generation. It is worth the pilgrimage to Cheltenham on Thursday to see the best steeplechaser in the world.

Tom Dreaper has other horses, of course, and in Flyingbolt many think he has found Arkle's successor. I am not so sure, although he won superbly in the mud at Cheltenham with a top weight of 12 stone 7 pounds recently. An incredible performance. The going next week cannot be as bad and he would seem a good bet for the 2-mile National Hunt Champion Chase on Tuesday.

Dreaper is mystifying racing officials by also announcing his intention to run Flyingbolt in the Champion Hurdle over two miles the following day. It all depends on the ease with which he wins the Champion Chase. There's confidence for you! However, I would take sides with Salmon Spray in the Champion Hurdle, another horse who has acted very well this winter in heavy going. Another Irish horse to note is Thorn Gate in Tuesday's 3-mile 2-furlong Totalisator Champion Novice Chase. But the rest of the racing pales beside Arkle.

michael wale

Pat Taafe riding Arkle — strong favourite for the Cheltenham Gold Cup

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Division I – **ARSENAL v EVERTON.** Highbury. Sat 3 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Arsenal)

CHELSEA v MANCHESTER UNITED. Stamford Bridge. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway, then short walk.) London's match of the day – and United have a liking for Stamford Bridge. Just the occasion Denis Law and George Best revel in

WEST HAM UNITED v BLACKBURN ROVERS. Upton Park. Sat 3 pm. (District Line to Upton Park.) Very little interest, except to Fulham fans, who would cheer a West Ham win. Blackburn could still be relegated

Division II – **CHARLTON ATHLETIC v MIDDLESBROUGH.** The Valley. Sat 3 pm. (Trains to Charlton from Charing Cross or London Bridge.) Cliff Holton seems to have worked the miracle for Charlton. They should escape relegation

CRYSTAL PALACE v COVENTRY CITY. Selhurst Park. Sat 3 pm. (Train Victoria to Thornton Heath.) All too infrequent glimpse of Coventry City, with former Burnley star Ray Pointer, as they bid for promotion

Third Division – **QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v EXETER CITY.** Loftus Road. Sat 3.15 pm. (Metropolitan Line to Shepherds Bush and short walk; or Central Line to White City.) Rangers still have outside hope of promotion. An attractive all-action side to watch

RUGBY UNION

BLACKHEATH v LONDON WELSH. Rectory Field. Sat 2.45 pm. (Train to Lewisham Junction from Charing Cross, then bus 89 to Sun-in-the-Sands)

HARLEQUINS v BEDFORD. Twickenham. Sat 2.45 pm. (Trains to Twickenham from Waterloo; or District Line to Richmond, then bus 73 from Richmond Police Station)

LONDON IRISH v ST THOMAS'S HOSPITAL. The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames. Sat 2.45 pm. (Train from Waterloo to Sunbury. Green Line coaches 718, 725.) A good place to be if Ireland beat Wales in Dublin this afternoon

LONDON SCOTTISH v UNITED SERVICES, PORTSMOUTH. Athletic Ground, Richmond. Sat 2.45 pm. (District Line to Richmond; or Waterloo to Richmond. Turn right outside station then short walk)

METROPOLITAN POLICE v OLD BLUES. Imber Court, East Molesey. Sat 2.45 pm. (Train from Waterloo to Esher, then short walk. Green Line coaches 716, 716a to Hampton Court Station, then bus 206.) Unusual fixture worth watching

WASPS v NEWPORT. Eton Avenue, Sudbury. Sat 2.45 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Sudbury Town, then short walk)

STEEPLECHASING

KEMPTON PARK. Sat. (Trains from Waterloo to Kempton Park. Green Line coaches 718, 725.) Race of the day: Friary Meux Gold Cup Hurdle (2 miles). £3,000 first prize. For four-year-old hurdlers. Among those entered: Black Ice, Harwell, Cold Patch, Fair Play II. Entered in the 3-mile Coventry Handicap Chase is Mill House, who is set to carry 12 stone 10 pounds

CHELTENHAM. Tues, Wed, Thurs. National Hunt Meeting. 2.0 pm each day. (Trains from Paddington to racecourse. Ring AMBassador 6767 for British Rail last-minute details.) Tues. Totalisator Champion Novices Chase. Wed. Champion Hurdle. Thurs. Gold Cup. The Ascot of steeplechasing and best meeting of the season in pleasant surroundings

SANDOWN PARK. Fri. Grand Military Meeting. (Trains to Esher from Waterloo.) Amateur riders have several races to themselves

GREYHOUND RACING

HARRINGAY. Mon and Fri 7.30 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Manor House)

HENDON. Mon and Fri 7.45 pm. (Northern Line to Brent)

PARK ROYAL. Mon and Fri 2.30 pm. (Bakerloo Line to Harlesden, then bus 12)

STAMFORD BRIDGE. Thurs 2.30 pm. Sat 6.15 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway, then short walk)

WALTHAMSTOW. Tues and Sa 7.45 pm. (Buses 34, 58, 144 t Crooked Billet, then short walk)

WEMBLEY. Mon and Fri 7.45 pm (Metropolitan and Bakerloo Line to Wembley Park)

WHITE CITY. Thurs and Sat 7.3 pm. (Central Line to White City) Big race Saturday The GRA Stakes (880 yards). £200 first prize. Marathon of the dog racing world with some of the best dogs in training

WIMBLEDON. Wed and Fri 7.4 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon) Big race of week Catford, Sat. Catford Produce Stakes Final (4 yards). Two-year-old only; 1,0 dogs entered at birth. This is th pick. First prize £200. Stars o next year. First race 7.45 pm (Buses: 36, 36b, 47, 54, 75, 108b, 12 141, 141a, 160, 176, 180, 185, 19 Green Line coaches 704, 705)

SNOOKER

BURROUGHES AND WATTS HALL. Soho Square, Soho. Sat pm and 7.30 pm. Finals of the English Amateur Snooker Championship, Southern area

MOTOR-CYCLE RACING

BRAND'S HATCH. Sun 9.45 a practice. 12.30 racing. Redex Trophy National Motorcycle Races. Back comes Derek Minter injured at the end of last season He will ride a 350 AJS and 5 Matchless. Many other stars, too

FENCING

CHALLENGE MARTINI INTER-NATIONAL EPEE COMPETITION Sat 8 am preliminaries. AFA – B 83 Perham Road, West Kensington (Piccadilly Line to Baron's Cou or District to West Kensington)

GALA FINAL. 7 pm. Seymo Hall. (Central Line to Mar Arch)

ICE HOCKEY

WEMBLEY LIONS v AIR RA GERS. Empire Pool, Wembley, 7.45 pm. (Bakerloo or Metropoli Lines to Wembley Park)

HOCKEY

ENGLAND v GERMANY. Wome International. Wembley Stadi Sat 3 pm. (Bakerloo or Metropo tan Lines to Wembley)

MISCELLANY

EXHIBITIONS

ALL HALLOWS, London Wall, EC2. Monumental Brasses: gilt and black full-size "positive" facsimiles by Henry Trivick, RBA. Until 18 Mar. M-F 10-5.30. Adm free

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, WC1 (MUS 1555). Early prints, manuscripts, from 13th-19th centuries, first Ordnance Survey maps. Until April. M-Sat 10-5. Sun 2.30-6

BRITISH THEATRE MUSEUM, Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14 (WES 3052). Sixty Years at the Aldwych. Costumes, properties, photographs, playbills. Until end of March. T, Th, Sat 11-5

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8. Ghana Exhibition. A new permanent show revolving around the cocoa industry: the Akosombo dam on the Volta, the complex of power based on it and the new harbour at Tem and the panoply of chieftaincy. Designed by James Gardiner

"DAILY MAIL" IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, Olympia. Until 26 Mar: M-Sat 10-9.30

DESIGN CENTRE, 28 Haymarket, SW1 (TRA 8000). Welsh Exhibition, group display of fabrics, room setting for a doctor's waiting room, and others. Until 2 April. M, T, F, Sat 9.30-5.30, W & Th 9.30-9

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE, 7 Albermarle Street, W1 (HYD 9001). Display of general and historical dictionaries and encyclopaedias. Until 2 April. M, T, W, Sat 11-6, Th 11-8, F 11-5

ROYAL EXCHANGE, EC3 (AVE 7101). Antiquities from the City of London, including recent finds, together with the Museum of Leathercraft. M-Sat 10-5. Adm free

CENTRAL LIBRARY, Swiss Cottage, NW3. National Library Week organised in association with St Pancras Arts Festival. An exhibition of 20th-century writers, photographed by Mark Green. Until 26 Mar. M-F 9.30-8.0. Sat 9.30-5.0. Adm free

HEALS & SON, Tottenham Court Road. *London Life* Exhibition. Until 14 Mar. 9.0-5.30, Th only 9.0-7.0, Sat 9.0-1.0

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM, Bloomsbury, WC1 (MUS 1555). F 11 Mar: The Mapping of Britain (special exhibition) 3.0 pm. Sat 12 Mar: The Polynesians 11.30 am. M 14 Mar: The Early Development of Writing 3.0 pm. W 16 Mar: Life and Death in Ancient Egypt 11.30 am

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 8252). M 14 Mar: A Missionary's Travels in Zambia, the Rev Cruchley 5.45 pm

GERMAN INSTITUTE, 51 Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, SW7 (KEN 3648). W 16 Mar: Reading - *Munchen als Kulturzentrum*, Dr Hohenemser. 8.0 pm

HORNIMAN MUSEUM, London Road, Forest Hill, SE 23 (FOR 2339). Sat 12 Mar: Korean Music (slides & recordings). John Levy. 3.30 pm

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Cromwell Road, SW7 (KEN 6323). Sat 12 Mar: London's Wildlife (with films). 3.0 pm. T 15 Mar: The First Farmers. 3.0 pm

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Th 10 Mar: Astronomy, Victor Wall. 3.0 pm. Sat 12 Mar: Space Travel, Victor Wall. 3.0 pm

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, EC1 (TAT 4444). Sat 12 Mar: Whistler, Evelyn Meetham. 3.0 pm. T 15 Mar: Modern Watercolours, Laurence Bradbury. 3.0 pm

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). W 16 Mar: Early Christian Art - Rome in the 4th and 5th Century. 6.15 pm

CITY TEMPLE, Holborn Viaduct, EC1 (CIT 5532). Th 10 Mar: Freud and Feminism, David Common. 7.0 pm

ST. MARGARET PATTENS, Eastcheap. F 11 Mar: The Bells of the City, the Rev Clayton. 1.10 pm

BISHOPSGATE INSTITUTE, Bishopsgate Hall, 230 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 2254). F 11 Mar: Holbein, Henry VIII and Whitehall Palace, Dr Strong. 6.30 pm

KENSINGTON CENTRAL LIBRARY, Horton Street, Kensington, SW7 (FLA 5055). T 15 Mar: Science and Fertility, by a Lecturer in Physiology (illustrated). 8.0 pm

VISITORS' LONDON

BANK OF ENGLAND, Threadneedle Street, EC2. Rebuilt on its site by Sir Herbert Baker and Soane's external wall is preserved. The Government's Banker. A military guard has been mounted at night since the Gordon Riots in 1780. Entrance hall open to visitors M-F 10.0-3.0. Sat: 9.0-12.0 noon

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SW1. The London residence of Her Majesty the Queen. When in residence, the Royal Standard flies from the mast. The Changing of the Guard takes place daily at 11.30. The Royal Mews is open to the public every Wednesday and Thursday, except during Ascot Week. Admission: from 2.0-4.0. Adults 2s 6d, Children 1s. Tube: Green Park, St James's Park, Victoria

BATTERSEA PARK. Between Chelsea and Albert Bridges, south of the Thames. Has running track, boating lake and tennis courts. Pleasure gardens and fun fair. Concert pavilion, roller skating rink, miniature railway, etc. Admission: Gardens free. Fun fair from Easter Saturday M-F 2.0. Sats & Suns: 1.0. Mid-July to end of August daily 1.0. Through September M-F 2.0. Sat & Sun: 1.0. Closes first Sun in October. Admission: 6d. Railway Stn: Battersea Park

GUILDHALL, Gresham Street, EC2. The Town Hall of the City of London. The Great Hall is used for the presentation of the Freedom of the City and other civic functions. Part of the original building was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666. The Livery Companies meet here annually to elect the new Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. M-Sat: 10.0-5.0. Sun, May-September, Whit Monday and August Bank Holiday 2.0-5.0. Tube: Bank, St Paul's

COLLEGE OF ARMS or **COLLEGE OF HERALDS,** Queen Victoria Street, EC4. All matters relating to heraldry and State functions. Open for heraldic enquiries M-F 10.0 to 4.0. Sat: 10.0 to 1.0. Admission by written application to the Secretary. Tube: Blackfriars, Mansion House

HAMPTON COURT PALACE. The largest in England. Was built by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515 and presented by him to Henry VIII in 1526. The lovely grounds with the famous maze were laid out by William III. M-Sat: 9.30-6.0. Sun: 11.0-6.0 May to September. M-Sat: 9.30-5.0. Sun: 2.0-5.0 October, March & April. M-Sat: 9.30-4.0. Sun: 2.0-4.0 November to February. Admission. Adult 2s 6d. April to September. 2s October to March. Children half-price. Great Vine 2d. Maze 3d. Station: Hampton Court from Waterloo: or in summer by boat from Charing Cross Pier

HORSE GUARDS, Whitehall, SW1. Part of the old Whitehall Palace rebuilt in 1753. Changing of the Guard 11.30, Sun: 10.0. Tube: Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square

KEW GARDENS, Kew. Situated by the Thames. One of the world's finest botanical gardens. Founded in 1759. There are four Museums. Admission 3d. 10.0-8.0 or sunset. Glasshouses 1.0-4.50 M-F, until 5.50 Sun. Closed Christmas Day. Tube: Kew Gardens

LONDON PLANETARIUM, Marylebone Road, NW1. Guided tour of the Sky At Night: past, present and future. Every hour. M-Sat 11 am to 6.30 pm. Sun: 1.45-6.30. Admission 4s 6d. Children 2s 6d. Tube: Baker Street

MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Marylebone Road, NW1. The famous and the infamous in wax. M-Sun 10.0-7.0. September-March M-F 10.0-6.0. Sat & Sun 10.0-7.0. Adults 6s. Children 3s. Tube: Baker Street

PETTICOAT LANE, Middlesex Street, E1. Busy, bustling street market, swarming with bargain-hunters for secondhand clothes, etc, on Sunday mornings. Tube: Aldgate East, Liverpool Street

REGENT'S PARK, NW1. Named after the Prince Regent, later George IV. Contains boating lake, gardens and the zoo: currently open 10-6. Admission Mon: 5s, all other days 3s. Aquarium & Children's Zoo 1s (winter prices). Winter feeding times: Sea Lions 2.30 (except F), Penguins 12.30, Pelicans 2.30, Seals 3.0, Lions & Tigers 2.0 (except W), Eagles 2.15 (Goldie), Reptiles 2.30 (F only), Chimpanzees' Tea Party 3.0 in Children's Zoo. Tube: Regents Park, Baker Street

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, Greenwich, SE10. On or near the Palace of Placentia, birthplace of Henry VIII, Elizabeth I & Mary I. The college, designed by Wren, was used originally as a naval hospital. Open daily except Th & Sun: 2.30-5.0. Open Sun from 1 May to September. Southern Railway: Charing Cross to Greenwich or Maze Hill. Summer boat from Charing Cross Pier

SOMERSET HOUSE, Strand, WC2. Originally the palace of Duke of Somerset, now houses the birth, marriage and death records of the nation. General Registry: M-F 9.30-4.30, Sat 9.30-12.30. Principal Probate Registry: M-F 10-4.30

TOWER OF LONDON, Tower Hill, EC3. Medieval palace and fortress, dating from the Norman Conquest. Armouries, historical relics, the Crown Jewels, Beefeaters and the Ravens. September-March: 10.0-4.30, April-August: M-Sat 10.0-5.30. Suns after Easter: 10-5.30. Adults 1s 6d, children 9d. Crown Jewels: Adults 1s, children 6d extra. Tube: Tower Hill

LUNCH HOUR

THURS 10 MAR

Films: *The Artist's World* (II) - *La Petite Cuillere, A Visit to Picasso, Molière.* Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock. 12.10 & 1.10

Gordon Phillips, organ. All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower. 12.15 & 1.15

Films: *Training Hunters & The Vanishing Coast.* Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15

Lecture: An Indian Sculpture - the headless Bodhisattva. British Museum. 1.0

Piano recital: John Barstow. Wigmore Hall, W1. 1.5

Lecture Service: What is Man?, by the Archdeacon of London. St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. 1.15

FRI 11 MAR

Organ recital: Reginald Sillitoe. St Stephen, Walbrook. 12.30

Films: *Quality Control of Aviation Fuel & Locksmiths of Today and Yesterday.* Science Museum. 12.30

Films: *Training Hunters & The Vanishing Coast.* Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15

Organ recital: Henry Clifford. St Olave, Hart Street. 1.5

Singers' Workshop. St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. 1.5

Classical Records. St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5

Records of Bach & Tchaikovsky. Holborn Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

MON 14 MAR

Films: *The Island of the Long Summer & Portrait of Bermuda.* Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15

Organ recital: Dr Harold Darke. St Michael, Cornhill. 1.0

Lecture: The Egyptian "Book of the Dead." British Museum. 1.0

Organ recital: John Foss. St Vedast, Foster Lane. 1.5

TUES 15 MAR

Organ recital: William Tubbs. St Margaret, Lothbury. 1.0

Recital. St Clement, King William Street. 1.0

Records of Beethoven. St. Giles, Cripplegate. 1.0

Lecture: A Roman Waterwheel from Spain. British Museum. 1.0

Piano recital: Doreen Stanfield. Bishopsgate Hall, 230 Bishopsgate. 1.5

Dialogue between Katherine Whitehorn and the Rector. St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5

Tuesday Break. All Hallows Berkyngechirche - by - the - Tower. 1.10

Records of Handel and Vaughan Williams. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

Lecture: Textiles of the 16th Century, by Madeleine Mainstone. 1.15

WED 16 MAR

Films: *Electrical Terms, Stainless Steels in Power, Production.* Science Museum, Kensington. 12.45

Organ recital: Margaret Cobb. St Lawrence Jewry-next-Guildhall. 1.0

Service: In Search of Christ Among the Suffering, by the Rev Mr Lee. St Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria Street. 1.5

Lecture: The Renaissance in France, by Madeleine Mainstone. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington. 1.15

SUNDAY, SWEET SUNDAY

Now and again it's worth while throwing aside the sheets and leaping from under the mass of Sunday papers to find out what life in and around London has to offer. Here are some suggestions of what to see and do and where to go. Perhaps a church service to start:

CHURCH MUSIC

Westminster Abbey: Standard of music in services is exceptionally high. Ceremony and ritual perfect. Music at matins (10.30 am) ranges from Tallis and earlier, to Stravinsky. Evensong at 3 pm.

St Paul's Cathedral: Famous choir school sings wonderful sacred music. Matins at 10.30 to settings by composers such as Gray, Harris, Sumsion, Vaughan Williams; Sung Communion at 11.30 – Jackson, Ley, Byrd, Palestrina; Evensong 3.15 – music by Mendelssohn, Wood, Walford Davies, Stanford.

All Saints', Margaret Street, W1. High Anglican and only parish church in England with resident choir school. Standard of the choir is certainly as high as the cathedrals in London. High Mass at 11.

Good music also at: St Sepulchre's, Holborn; St Mary's, Bourne Street, SW1 (noted for its polyphonic music); All Souls, Langham Place, W1; St Michael's, Cornhill; Chapel Royal, St James's; Southwark Cathedral; St Paul's, Knightsbridge; St Peter's, Eaton Square; and St John's, Waterloo Road.

STREET MARKETS

Petticoat Lane, of course – and *Club Row* – the poor man's pet shop market. But one private market that is not so well known (probably because you have to get there around seven in the morning) is *The Totter's Market* where the Steptoes and Sons of London collect with their horses, carts and week's collection of junk and set up stalls. Worth a visit for the Cockney patter and general Hogarthian ambience (between Goulston Street and Middlesex Street).

Pub near to Petticoat Lane: *The Hoop and Grapes,* 47 Aldgate High Street. This is thought to be the oldest pub in London and dates back to the 13th century. The walls lean, and the floors slope, and there is a blocked-up tunnel in the cellar which is supposed to have led to The Tower.

Egon Ronay recommended the White Horse at Shere, Surrey, as "the pub that defies description."

Restaurant near to Petticoat Lane: *Bloom's,* 90 Whitechapel High Street. The restaurant (famous for salt beef and *gefilte* fish with horseradish sauce) is open from 11.30 am to midnight and the delicatessen counters from 9.30 am to midnight. Allow about £1 a head for lunch and bring your own wine or beer. Advisable to book (BIS 6835).

AFTERNOON IN THE EAST END

Bethnal Green Museum opens on Sunday from 2.30-6. You can see here the most important surviving example of prefabricated iron-and-glass building constructed for the Great Exhibition of 1851. Also – recommended for small girls – wonderful collection of Victorian dolls, all immaculately dressed; superb Currie dolls' house which has a private chapel with a priest saying Mass in it. Also, beautifully preserved, the silks, satins, brocades and high-buttoned boots worn by the real live girls who owned the dolls. Admission free. Museum is a short distance from Bethnal Green Tube Station.

OFF-BEAT TOURS

Sunday walks in "Secret London" take place from 20 March and will continue on each Sunday throughout the summer. Those interested in finding out about the city they live in, meet at appointed spots (for full list of walks, write for details to 66 St Michael's Street, London, W2), then get split up into parties and with a qualified guide-lecturer explore a selected area.

The innovators of this addition to tourism are Ron Phillips (taxi-driver and avid addict of local history) and John Wittich, BA in history and registered British Travel Association guide. They claim that you cannot really learn all that much from a conducted coach tour, but that by walking round (walks last about 1½ hours) with a qualified guide, you can have your eyes opened to the magic and mystery. (Cost 3s 6d for adults, 2s for 7-14 age group.)

DIGGING SUNDAYS

Southwark Archaeological Excavation Committee arrange digs every weekend. At present they are working on the site of the old Kennington Palace, and welcome beginners and professionals. They want as many volunteers as possible. Digs start at 10 am. Best to bring lunch and a flask of hot soup as restaurants are sparse in this area. Also bring your own trowel – a builder's triangular trowel 4 in. or 6 in. long. For details of how to get to site write to SAEC, c/o Cuming Museum, Walworth Road, SE17. No fees – but you must be over 16 years of age.

The City Archaeological Group arrange digs every other weekend. At the moment they are working on site next to Cannon Street Station. For details write to Mr Marsden, Guildhall Museum, Royal Exchange, EC3. (MAN 0342).

OUT-OF-LONDON TRIP

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something to say...

London's waiters

One of my pleasures is eating out in London. I share Gulbenkian's concept of the perfect dinner party: "Myself, and a damn good head waiter." Though I'd throw in a redhead and make it three. The food, wine, decor and general ambiance of West End eating places is pretty good on the whole. But, ye gods, the service!

London waiters have now mastered the American technique of Deferential Bullying, whereby the customer is constantly reminded that only by a quirk of fate is the waiter serving you rather than you serving him. Top of the league I would place the magnificently surly, silently impertinent wine waiter at what is otherwise one of Mayfair's best French restaurants.

Equally horrific, though at the other end of the scale, are the raving-gay waiters at a Victoria bistro, who take one's order with studied patience – then retire to woo one another beside the servery. When your reporters write their reviews of such places, could they be sure to indicate what the waiters merit: a pound in the palm, or just a kick in the teeth?

Steve Race,
Kingsway, WC2

Oh, London!

I am so sad about what is happening to dear old London. It seems it is no longer a place meant for the people who actually *live* in it. Instead, it has become a place of strain and noise and more geared to the office block or the combustion engine. Heavy, smelly lorries, thunder night and day through our once residential areas, and you easily know which day the dust carts have been round because of the mess and newspapers flying up against the railings. I think dustmen are good chaps, but couldn't someone on each cart have a pointed stick to pick these up?

We have utterly undistinguished skyscrapers which could be so beautiful, and they are often dotted at incongruous places to spoil otherwise lovely vistas. Why were they not more grouped to make one impressive whole? Many small shops are being replaced by gigantic supermarkets designed with no effort to fit their façades into the character of an area. And there is such a mass of traffic signs, half of them unintelligible, that you have the steady march of forests of meters, eating their greedy way through 40 square acres – and the poor resident is hardly considered at all.

Alas, we have so little aesthetic sense in England. It amazes me that we can stage the best pageantry in the world, which all the world comes to see, yet be so oblivious to the ugliness that is overtaking us. Do let's become more aware of our surroundings and complain more before it is all too late.

Barbara Goalen,
Chester Square, SW1

Legs galore

If fashion designers are going to make women wear skirts a few inches below the navel, I do wish they would also issue with each latest "creation" a booklet on deportment. I have seen so many otherwise attractive – and definitely with-it – females make a terrible bodge of such mundane manoeuvres as getting out of a car and showing stocking-tops galore when seated in theatres and restaurants, that the mind boggles at what *could* happen if hems were hoisted more than the present vogue for two inches above the knee. It really is almost as grotesque as the annual parade of paunchy, flaccid-looking males who exhibit themselves on summer beaches.

Kathy Keeton,
Jermyn Street, SW1

Alcoholism

As an alcoholic who has not taken a drink for six years, I feel impelled to answer your reader "Donegall's" letter of 5 February. He comments that he takes Antabuse occasionally when he thinks it would be a good idea to give alcohol a rest for a week or two. This would indicate to me clearly that he is still in control of his drinking and that he can still manage his daily life. Therefore, he is not a true alcoholic.

I, on the other hand, know for certain that even after six years away from it I have no control whatsoever over any quantity of alcohol and after *that* "first drink" my life would immediately become unmanageable. I remain sober one day at a time with the help of the Fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Travers,
Bristol

Scarfe over-exposure

There is a great deal of talk these days about the drawings of Gerald Scarfe and he is, indeed, a master of caricature. I am a great admirer of his telling distortion, his grotesque interpretation of the physiognomy. I do hope that his work will not lose impact through over-exposure, because it would be a terrible loss if his creations became commonplace – they are a fine contrast to the more ordinary.

James Hall Thomson,
Lansdowne Court, Dundee

Bunnies not new

We are constantly being made aware of the impending invasion of Bunnies from the States and that these girls, recruited in Great Britain, were sent to Chicago for training. But Bunnies are not a new phenomenon here. They have been at the Raymond Revuebar for many years, and they have not needed any education in morals or behaviour. I pride myself that the girls at the Revuebar received their basic training in "rights" and "wrongs" at the best university in the world – their home.

Surely it does not follow that just because a girl wears a scanty costume she is prey to every pitfall and is less virtuous than her sisters who are secretaries, air hostesses or shop assistants? I would not dare impose a set of rigid rules – I respect their judgment too much – and I can truthfully say that I have never had cause for complaint or recrimination.

I suppose America is a matriarchal society and it is the logical thing to do to idolise and place women on a pedestal. But I sincerely trust that the Chicago-trained British girls can live up to our expectations of them.

Paul Raymond,
Brewer Street, W1

Intelligent chat

Hurrah for Anita Harris! Hurrah for her broadcasts! Hurrah for her LP reviews! The other night on Simon Dee's radio show she gave a fantastic *live* performance and talked intelligently between songs. Nowadays *live* singing is almost unheard of – and intelligent chat!: "Wassat?" From most singers anyway; and what's more the lady can write up a storm! Trust *London Life* to corner the market. Hurrah for *London Life!*

Simeon Robinson,
South Kensington, SW7

Postage stamp protest

Why *not* a protest? On 9 April, the annual Penge Town Hall march will take place, and 17 Chinese Post Office workers, their faces concealed in paper bags, will march to the Town Hall and chain themselves to the railings. "We have been marching annually since 1934, as a protest over the 2½d stamp," their leader Roger Ho Koon told me between puffs of his hookah. Interested readers of *London Life* should consult their local Post Office, or the Chinese Railways, where they will learn something to their advantage.

Minnie Feathers,
Birkbeck Ave, W3

Bottle tops

I have noticed that all water bottle tops fit all other water bottle tops and I think this is a good idea. Can you explain how it happened? Hardly anything else fits anything else.

Ber... d Miles,
Mermaid Theatre, EC4

PS: Now that we know each other a little better, would you like a photo of me for the office?

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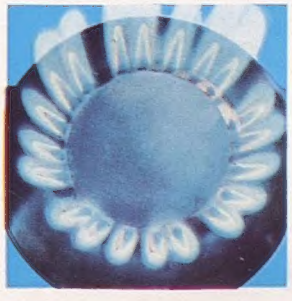

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